The Nation

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The Week

There is something peculiarly humiliating about the position into which our country has been put by the Panama Toll-Exemption act. The reply just made by the British Government to Secretary Knox's note of January 17 is as courteous as possible in language; any disagreeableness that Americans may feel in perusing it is inherent in the facts. It is not pleasant to be reminded that our Government sought to shove off the duty of making a substantial response to the British Government's objection by setting up the plea that even if the act of Congress is in violation of the treaty, a protest is not in order till the injury contemplated and directed in the act has been physically inflicted in the shape of discriminating tolls actually collected. Since that is what Mr. Knox did, the only reply for the British Government was to say that such a plea is not supported by "international law or usage." It is mortifying to reflect, further, on the absurd contention that toll-exemption does not come under our arbitration treaty with Great Britain, because that treaty excepts questions which affect "the vital interests, the honor, or the independence of the two contracting states." Mr. Knox, to be sure, did not assert this position; but neither did he frankly admit that the question does come under the treaty; and accordingly the reply of the British Government merely holds quietly that the dispute "is clearly one which falls within the meaning" of the treaty.

The defeat of the big-navy zealots in their desire for two battleships is a cause for rejoicing, even though it was only by a small margin of votes. At least, it is the second year in which the Democratic House has stuck to its one-battleship policy, in spite of threats, much newspaper abuse, and all the influence of the ship-builders and the Navy League. Particularly satisfactory was the impatience with Congressman Hobson when he proposed three battleships. Now that this mischievous prophet's predictions of war with Japan in 1912 have shown themselves to be false, he is trying to make trouble by dragging out the good old German bogey from the attic of worn-out war-scares. If that fails him, something else will doubtless occur to him, like the menace of the Mexican navy.

The report of the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee on the operation of the Anti-Trust law reflects Senator Cummins's well-known opinions on that subject. It declares that the law should be made definite by amendments which "specifically prescribe certain conditions upon which persons and corporations shall be permitted to engage in commerce"; and it also recommends the creation of a Commission which shall have supervisory power over corporations and shall take over the work attendant upon the dissolution of such as may prove to be illegal. It uses language of the utmost respect concerning the Supreme Court, but asserts that, "as the anti-Trust statute is now construed," the Court exercises powers that the people cannot be content to leave with any judicial body. The idea, however, that the great anti-Trust decisions made by the Supreme Court within the past two years have caused the meaning of the law to be less definite than before is precisely the reverse of the truth. Of course, if the law could, prior to those decisions, have been understood, in actual practice, to mean the prohibition of every act that might, in any possible meaning of the words, be regarded as partaking of the nature of a "restraint of trade," the law would then have been simpler than the decisions make it out to be; but no such interpretation was ever practically possible, or was ever attempted or proposed by any sober and responsible person. It was always in the "light of reason" that the law had to be actually administered, and the series of decisions beginning with that in the Standard Oil case have served to make incomparably clearer than before the practical application of the law to individual cases.

This idea that you can define the things that may be done, or the things that it is illegal to do, in such a way as to make the application of the law automatic, is a delusion. The kind of distinction that the Supreme Court is making is not that between "good" Trusts and "bad" Trusts. This would involve an exercise of discretion with which no court ought either to be trusted or to be burdened. The question the Court does decide is not whether an alleged restraint of trade is beneficial or the contrary, but whether it is, in any reasonable sense, to be regarded as a restraint of trade; and the same thing is true concerning an alleged attempt to monopolize. And this kind of difficulty is not an anomaly, or a thing peculiar to the Anti-Trust law. Senator Edmunds, who had more to do with the framing of the Sherman act than any other man, has emphatically declared that the broad language of the law was used advisedly, for the very reason that the things intended to be covered by it admitted of no minute description that would serve its purpose. "In fact," he said in a notable interview, shortly after the Standard Oil and Tobacco decisions, "all legislation of a prohibitive character must use general terms, or one-half the offenders would escape." So far, then, from the Supreme Court having assumed extraordinary and unforeseen powers, it has been doing precisely what was originally contemplated by the framers of the law.

Mr. Roddenbery, of Georgia, is a Congressman to be watched. The man who will give his own party such an effective, and at the same time wholly untheatrical, drubbing as Mr. Roddenbery administered last Sunday, ought to have a fine future before him. The most that Speaker Cannon, he said, had ever been able to appropriate for pensions was $150,000,000; "but we Democrats, before we have even got the Senate and before we have inaugurated our President, have appropriated $180,000,000 for pensions. We know how to legislate." Equally remarkable were the achievements of "we Democrats" in the way of public buildings and wastefulness in other things. As for the platform denouncing Republican extravagance, that "was made, like the Republican platform, to get into office on." Mr. Roddenbery, who

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has served three years in the House, was reëlected last autumn without opposition. He will have plenty of opportunity, during the next two years, to administer just such faithful wounds to his party as that which he unflinchingly dealt it on Sunday.

It has fallen to the Socialist party first to apply the recall on a national scale. The victim of the referendum is no less notable a person than William D. Haywood, who, by a vote of 22,000 to 11,000, has been removed from office as one of the seven members of the National Executive Committee of the Socialist party. Haywood, as the most prominent leader of the Industrial Workers of the World, and therefore as the leading exponent of the principle of "direct action," as opposed to political action, by the working class, has never made any serious attempt to conceal his contempt for the political programme and tactics of the party, although, whenever the charge was directly brought up, he resorted to a formal denial. The final steps towards his removal were precipitated by a recent speech delivered in New York at a meeting to celebrate the acquittal at Lawrence of the I. W. W. leaders, Ettor and Giovannitti. On this occasion Haywood's militant views were so frankly put that there was no explaining them away. It has always been the contention of Haywood's faction that the rank and file of the Socialist party is in sympathy with his views, but that the leaders have been timid and time-serving. Now, by a vote of two to one, the party has shown that it still attaches prime importance to the campaign for Socialism on the political field as opposed to the anarchistic policies of the I. W. W.

Vermont was one of the two States which were so reactionary as to cast their electoral votes for President Taft. Consequently, it must follow that the Vermont Legislature, which recently adjourned after the longest session on record, is the sponsor for as unprogressive a lot of laws as could be imagined. But what are the facts? A juvenile court has been created; a "blue-sky" investment law has been passed; a reform has been made in the method of railway taxation that is expected to net the State annually twice the cost of the extra length of the session; the railways have been put under regulation with respect to the matter of demurrage; enforcement of uniform standard provisions in accident and health insurance policies has been arranged for; laws have been put upon the statute books to prevent adulteration and misbranding of foods and drugs, and to enforce sanitary conditions in the sale of bread; regulations have been adopted concerning the heating, ventilation, and inspection of factories; the hours of labor for women and children have been limited to fifty-six a week; judges have been empowered to hold inquests for the discovery of evidence in criminal cases. All this looks very much like the carrying out of a programme of social justice, but since it is not labelled Progressive, one can only continue to shake his head over the hopelessly stagnant condition of all Republicans, and those of the Green Mountain State in particular.

Bills submitting the issue of woman suffrage to the voters of New York and New Jersey have gone through their respective Legislatures without a hitch. Only five negative votes were cast in the New Jersey House. They must be repassed next year in order to reach the voters, but there can be no doubt that they will be passed. In Pennsylvania the House has passed a similar bill by a large majority. In Michigan, where suffrage was defeated by about 250 votes, the Legislature has provided for the speediest resubmission of a Constitutional amendment on record—it is to be voted on again in April. In Nevada, the bill has passed the Legislature twice and now goes to the voters. In Missouri and Minnesota one house has acted favorably, and in Massachusetts, according to the Boston *Advertiser*, the Republican leaders have agreed to have the Legislature vote for submission this year. In some cases, this apparent support of suffrage is not friendly; in Massachusetts, for instance, the Republicans are certain that the male voters will kill it as soon as it is submitted to them. So they may in New York in 1915.

By a unanimous decision of the Supreme Court of Indiana, it is still possible for any voter of good moral character to practice law in that State, though his name be Dogberry. This right dates from the Constitution of 1851, which was framed by sturdy Hoosiers who did not propose that any group of men should have the exclusive privilege of addressing a judge or haranguing a jury. In 1910, an attempt was made to amend this provision out of the Constitution. Sixty thousand voters marked their ballots in favor of the plan, and only eighteen thousand opposed it. But 550,000 did not take the trouble to vote either way. As the Constitution requires a majority of all votes cast at the same election to carry an amendment, the matter would seem to have been settled in favor of the "cornfield lawyer." A case came up in Indianapolis, however, which was decided against such a man. The individual concerned testified that he was a job printer by trade, and knew only such law as he read in the newspapers. This was too much for the Circuit Court, but the higher body has confirmed the right of the job-printing, newspaper-reading lawyer to handle all the cases he can get. He belongs to the class of "Constitutional lawyers," with the derisive Indiana slant given to the term.

It is pleasant to be reminded that the age is not wholly given up to the sackcloth of political preachments and the ashes of social and industrial reform. Amidst the welter of new presidencies, new freedoms, new workmen's compensation laws, white slave laws, factory bills, anti-tuberculosis campaigns, graft exposures, subway routes, Mexican complications, and other trivialities of the day, it is delightful to learn that there is still a considerable number of Americans who can rise above the fevers and vexations of the hour to the contemplation and practice of the eternally True, the Beautiful, and the Good—at least at Palm Beach. In that pleasant spot, a crowd of New York's bravest and fairest did their best the other night to show that the Hellenic joy of life has not passed away from us. Prominent people turkey-trotted "in a small hollow square in the centre of many little tables." Messrs. Smith and Jones took turns at the piano, Mr. Robinson beat upon the kettledrum, and Mr. Brown "did such fine clog dancing that he had the floor to himself." Mr. Black felt sorry for the negro chair attendants, and told Mr. White "he believed he would give them $200, which he did." As the bills of large denomination flut-

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tered through the air, "a screeching, howling mass of black legs and arms and contorted bodies resulted." And yet solemn foreigners assure us that we are a materialistic people, utterly inaccessible to things of the spirit!

In his farewell interview Professor Bergson expressed regret at the shortness of his stay in this country. "Upon my arrival I found that my occupations and my engagements and my lectures had all been arranged for me, so that I could find no time for seeing any of the things I wanted to see, or for meeting people I should have liked to meet." Yet in that very remark M. Bergson has described us. Our idea of entertaining a visitor, whether he is a distinguished foreigner in New York city or a President of the United States visiting Indianapolis, is to rout the victim out of bed at six in the morning, put him into an automobile, and after an agony of breakfasts, luncheons, dinners, receptions, dedications, and commemorations, bring him back to his hotel in a state of collapse. Mrs. Wharton, in her latest story, cleverly photographs a fussy, galvanic, "social" leader in the following words: "Her only idea of intercourse with her kind was to organize it into bands and subject it to frequent and fatiguing displacements." Organizing our play and our holidays is a national habit. It is true that in that way we get through more play than we could if we went at it in unsystematic fashion, but perhaps it would be just as well if we didn't.

Our unbounded confidence in the schools has been voiced once more at Philadelphia, where the National Council of Education listened to speakers who put the burden of the exodus from the country, and hence a substantial portion of the high cost of living, upon the rural school. The country school, it was agreed, is physically and pedagogically below its task, and a plan of reconstruction and standardization was outlined which, it was hoped, might bring this important part of our educational system nearer to what it ought to be. One educator felt that only the practical interest of a Rockefeller or a Carnegie could solve the problem, but surely this is the counsel of despair. Are we going to substitute the philanthropy of a few multi-millionaires for individual initiative and self-reliance? Neither the rural school nor the American character is so hopeless as that. It is equally clear that the rural school is one of the few concrete elements in the rather vague set of conditions that we recognized, somewhat helplessly, by forming the Country Life Commission.

Another unhappy international affair came to the fore in the closing hours of the past Administration. The negotiations with Colombia were dropped, owing to the refusal of that country to accept the terms of compensation proffered by our Government. It must be admitted that there are difficulties here which, with the best intentions, might prove puzzling to any Administration; yet we should lean to excess rather than defect in satisfying Colombian expectations. For we were put so hopelessly in the wrong when Roosevelt "took Panama" that we may feel glad enough to get that transaction overlooked upon any terms that are not flagrantly unreasonable. And if no settlement can be arrived at by diplomtic negotiation, surely there can be no insuperable obstacle to an arbitration of the matter, if we sincerely desire to make such compensation to Colombia as an impartial tribunal might award. The plea that an arbitration might involve the placing in doubt of the *status quo* on the Isthmus does not strike us as very weighty. What difficulty would there be in so circumscribing the scope of the arbitration as to put the *status quo* quite out of its reach?

Even in England laws are being enacted against public betting. Its evils have grown so great that Parliament is moved to do something to prevent them. A bill has passed the House of Lords, and by now may have been accepted, as it was expected to be, by the House of Commons, forbidding under heavy penalties the publication of advertisements by tipsters and bookmakers. The rage for gambling on horse-races and on football contests has grown to the proportions of a mania. A system of betting by "coupons" which—like lottery tickets—are widely distributed, has been most pernicious in its effects. At a recent trial at Newcastle, it was brought out that a single concern made profits of $100,000 a year in this kind of business. The coupons have been hawked about the street. This is hereafter to be illegal, as it also will be to send these gambling coupons or betting odds through the post. Public betting has been thought of as an English institution almost as firmly established as crown or altar. At the time of the fight against race-track gambling in New York, reference was frequently made to the admirable customs of English bettors. Well, it looks now as if John Bull himself were waking up to the fact that he has been permitting public gambling to carry demoralization and ruin to thousands.

In Mexico, opponents of the new régime have been shot down in appreciable numbers "while attempting to escape." This it is to be a strong man in times of crisis. One or two sharp strokes that horrify and sicken the conscience of mankind, and the foundation has been laid, as the lawyers say, for a permanently peaceful reign of terror. The world is quick to reconcile itself even to the horrible. No news that comes out of Mexico City now is likely to stir public indignation. A minor massacre of suspected Maderistas, a battue of political prisoners, a little war of extermination among the Yaquis—these are the methods by which the strong man works for the cause of peace and order.

Opinions have differed about the wisdom of Gov. Wilson in permitting the compilation of a book, "The New Freedom," out of his campaign speeches. A foreign judgment on the volume may be worth citing. The *Westminster Gazette* declares that Englishmen who go to it for their "first introduction to Dr. Woodrow Wilson as a politician" will indeed find in the work "two or three considered ideas about affairs in business and politics," but will wonder at these ideas being "so surrounded and enmeshed in words." This sober critic concludes by saying that if one comes from reading the book with disappointment, it is not because of "lack of either vision or ideals," but because "there is such reluctance to get down to the cold, hard fact that something quite definite and precise has to be done." Many Americans have expressed a similar criticism. But they should not forget that, in the only political sphere where Wilson has as yet had his opportunity, he passed swiftly from words to deeds.

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TAFT'S FOUR YEARS.

There is a great deal of "appealing to history," just now, on the part of President Taft's friends and apologists. They admit the implications of that appeal. Mr. Taft, they concede, is going out of office with the impression both immediate and general that he has been a failure. But time will set all right, they contend. A calmer future judgment will correct the turbulent prejudices of the present. It does not so much matter what his contemporaries think of a President as what the historian will think. And to the latter's serene and patient weighing of the whole of the evidence, with a resulting verdict as impartial as that of all-judging Jove, we are told that Mr. Taft's term in the Presidency may be securely referred.

There is clearly some ground for the confidence with which this particular appeal to history is made. That Mr. Taft has been badly treated during the past four years, most discerning persons will agree. He has been misrepresented and vilified beyond the lot of most Presidents. It is certain that the considerate judgment of a coming generation will rectify much of this. The intemperate and unjustified attacks which Mr. Taft has suffered while in the Presidency will sink to their due proportions as the years pass, and the really memorable things in his Administration will bulk larger. This is the way in which historical judgments are usually formed, and Mr. Taft's case will be no exception. His reputation will, we are convinced, benefit by the lapse of time. But the most important question, from the moral and public point of view, is whether the historian, at whatever distance or in no matter what perspective he writes of President Taft, will differ from clear-eyed people to-day in their estimate of his fundamental qualities. It is these, in both their strength and their weakness, which have made or marred his fame, as the eyes of his fellow-countrymen have been upon him for the past four years; and what reason is there to think that the essentials of Mr. Taft's character will appear differently after forty years?

His warmest admirers and most regretful friends speak of him as one who has been a "victim." He came into a legacy of ills—a true *damnosa hereditas*. Unsolved and insoluble problems were heaped upon him. Impossibilities were demanded of him. He fell upon a time of huge discontent and ferment. His party split beneath his eyes. He was made the object of venomous calumny and treacherous betrayal. A veritable scandal-machine was set operating early in his Administration, with the deliberate purpose of discrediting him and breaking him down. Finally came the supreme disloyalty: first the hidden and insidious attack, then the open and vengeful assault, by Theodore Roosevelt. What man could have stood up before all this? What President but would have succumbed as Taft did?

Thus there is an appeal to pity, as well as to history. But such a thing carries with it fatal confessions. When we are talking not of a private life, but of a public career, it is a sorrowful thing to say of a man that he has been a "victim." It raises the doubt whether he has not been a victim of his own lack of foresight and of energy. Mr. Taft's friends explain deprecatingly that he is not a good politician. In this they refer to the smaller matters of appointments to office in such a way as to keep his party in good humor and to procure for himself expert advisers and hearty supporters. But there was a graver deficiency in Mr. Taft's political equipment. He has shown himself devoid of the higher imagination in public affairs, too little prescient, without the touch of quick sympathy and popular quality which would have enabled him to take arms against his sea of troubles. The great difficulty was that the storm broke upon him when he had persuaded himself that the sky was clear. A party rebellion rumbled under his feet, but he heard nothing till the earth actually fissured. Congress placed in his hands an unsatisfactory tariff bill, which was almost visibly labelled "dynamite," yet he played with it unconscious of danger. Political disaster after political disaster he failed to recognize in its beginnings. Too late, he acted the man's part, but again and again—as in the Ballinger imbroglio, as in the case of the Panama tolls—he would be got wrong at the beginning and then find it impossible to recover himself, even by heroic efforts. Such, in brief, has been the best contemporary explanation of Mr. Taft's chief failures as a President, and it is hard to see how time can show it to be radically wrong.

In many minor matters the judgment of history will very likely be much more favorable to Mr. Taft than is current opinion to-day. The tradition of his personal attractiveness will grow with the years. His simplicity, his kindliness, his keen sense of humor, will be remembered to his credit. And the long list of actual achievements under his Administration—laws passed, prosecutions conducted—will seem of more importance after the hurly-burly is done. Most honored of all will his name be for what he has done, and sought to do, in behalf of international arbitration; and his firm and wise refusal to be hurried into war with Mexico lends a dying glory to his Presidency. All this and more can be justly said in Mr. Taft's praise. If the break-up of the Republican party must be dated from his Administration, involving his own overwhelming defeat, this was because the higher reaches of statesmanship and the gifts of leadership in a great crisis were beyond him. It was his misfortune to fall upon an Iron Age; and he is not a man of iron.

THE INAUGURAL AND ITS POLICY.

Mr. Wilson long since took his place in the minds of the judicious as our best public speaker; and now, in his Inaugural address, the whole country has seen him rise to his full height. Never before has he packed such riches of thought and feeling into a little space; never found more adequate form for his ideas; never so fully displayed his power to interpret, to express, to speak with the voice of a leader of the people. If all this had burst without warning upon the American people, it would have been a revelation fitted to take their breath away. But President Wilson's previous speeches and letters had prepared us, in a measure, for so high a proof of his quality as he has now given. Even so, we are confident that his Inaugural will cause the hearts of his countrymen to burn within them as they read it. To its moving and solemn note of appeal they cannot turn deaf ears.

In his reading of the minds of his fellow-countrymen to-day, and of the duty of the Government in response to the mastering desires of the people, President Wilson shows himself moved by deep feeling. And its sincerity is transparent. No one could so body forth emotion in congruous words unless his soul had throbbed before his lips spoke. Yet

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over the whole a clear and sagacious intelligence presides. It was plainly the President's intention not merely to make a great oration but to indicate a policy. And it is for this that his Inaugural address will be most eagerly searched. A detailed programme would have been out of place, and is, in fact, not to be found—though a few items of needed legislation are etched, with the just word said about each. But the new President's general hope and purpose are not left in the dark. The policy of the incoming Administration is frankly laid bare in the Inaugural.

We get from it, for example, what may be called the political strategy which President Wilson has determined to follow. What was his problem? He is a minority President. Above 6,000,000 votes were cast for him; but more than 8,000,000 were given to other candidates. In some way, if he is to succeed, he must rally to himself and his party a proportion of those 8,000,000 votes. Lincoln was somewhat similarly placed in 1861; but the struggle for the Union helped him to win the support of enough Democrats to make the Republican party secure in power. No such civic convulsion will come to Wilson's aid. The recourse of a foreign war would be abhorrent to him. Only by following lines of peaceful and domestic policy can he hope to consolidate his political strength. And the lines that he has decided to pursue are plainly laid down in the Inaugural. He means to make himself the leader of the progressive movement. He intends to deprive the Progressive party of any reason for separate and distinct existence. In other words, Wilson means to build up the Democratic party by means of recruits from the Progressives.

No attentive reader of the Inaugural can fail to see how it quietly accepts and assumes all the humane, all the really attainable, features of the Progressive programme. The President does not speak as a convert. He does not need so to speak. All that he says now he said many times during the campaign. But his present point of view is that political divisions and misunderstandings prevented thousands of voters from taking him and his party as the chosen instruments of progress, and that now he is in a position to summon patriotic and forward-looking men and women to his side, even if they had previously been distrustful of him. What they have been working for will be henceforth his desire and his labor. He declares his instant sympathy with the whole impulse to prevent the waste and repair the wreckage of human life, and offers himself and his Administration as at once the symbol and the power of the new day that has come. How can sincere Progressives repel these advances? Mr. Roosevelt certainly owes President Wilson an apology for having called him a reactionary. And the nominal head of the Progressive party must be fully aware by now that there is danger of his following breaking up more rapidly than it has been doing in the past few weeks. Some of them will continue to go back to the Republican party. More will be powerfully drawn to Woodrow Wilson and his policy of deep and wide social reform.

The results it will be of absorbing interest to study. They are certain to be big with political changes; they may mean the beginning of a wholly new epoch. What we are already sure of is that we have as President a man of leading intellect, with varied resources which long training has made apt to his hand; one whose courage has already been tried, and whose political sagacity is well approved. In his Inaugural he gives us the fruits of his long brooding over the present temper and the existing demands of the American people. Who will venture to say that he has read them wrong? Who will set any limits to the energizing of reform and the quickening of the humane spirit which may be wrought by such a man as Woodrow Wilson in the Presidency of the United States?

EASING A CHANGE OF ADMINISTRATION.

The *Nation* will not be thought to believe that Mr. Roosevelt's public career generally is a model, but he had one habit which deserves consideration by all men undertaking official duties. We refer to the way in which, from the day he became nationally prominent, he stepped into the place left vacant by his predecessor, and took up his task with the least practicable disturbance of the ongoing of public business.

When he became Civil Service Commissioner, he found his office in anything but an ideal condition. He might have been justified in making an immediate reorganization. Instead, he slipped into the same chair his predecessor had occupied, drew it up to the same table, and rang for the same confidential clerk to take his dictation. But for the new name-plate on the door, there was nothing to indicate that the room had changed masters. And what he did in that instance he did later, when he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Vice-President, and President. The current of affairs was not interrupted for an hour when somebody else retired from an office and Mr. Roosevelt assumed it; and, in the judgment of good observers, no one practice did more to enhance his efficiency as an Executive.

The logic of this is not far to seek. Critics who are watching for changes to condemn find themselves lacking ammunition. The self-seeking crew of supporters, on the other hand, who are advising drastic measures and prophesying all sorts of dire disaster if any but wearers of the orthodox uniform are left on guard, are soon discredited by the failure of their dismal predictions. The new chief, not having to undertake the making over of machinery at the outset, can give time and energy to the study of real problems, and begin his important work so much the sooner. The men he leaves undisturbed in their places, far from repaying his consideration with disloyalty, are put upon their mettle; for as old hands at their tasks, they have learned wisdom as well as deftness by experience. Every one of them, moreover, is the centre of a group of citizens outside of the Government service who are, consciously or unconsciously, influenced in their attitude towards the new Administration by such a manifest refutation of the warnings uttered by its enemies; and this circumstance goes much further than is generally imagined towards sweeping from the highway of progress mere factitious obstructions.

The whole country profits by the sensible conservatism of the man at the head of an important Federal office. If he can afford to look at the Government's business as something to be advanced as soon as possible from the point already reached, instead of applying himself first to undoing the work of his predecessor and starting afresh in order to monopolize the glory of achievement, the underlings can afford to do the same. So many tasks, of such and

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such magnitude, are to be accomplished, and every official has his share to contribute towards one or more of them. This is obviously too big a joint enterprise to be halted by a change of chairman in the board of directors, and should not be crippled by the needless expulsion of one group of foremen and the tedious training of another in unfamiliar duties. This larger sense of the meaning of public service is bound to spread through the whole administrative organism, till it affects even the humbler workers who stand on its outer fringe. To them the Government presently ceases to be merely an automatic paymaster and becomes a vital thing and an object of human interest.

And the effect of such inspiration goes still further, and touches the relations of the individual workers to one another. When two of them, both painfully conscious of the insecurity of their tenure, and each therefore disposed to disparage the work of the other in order to emphasize the excellence of his own, have their minds set at rest as to their personal fortunes and turn to the contemplation of something larger and more worthy, they presently find themselves, in spite of past differences, pulling or pushing in the same direction. A spirit of friendly coöperation supplants in due course the spirit of envious rivalry, and the chief competition thereafter is as to who shall do the most for the Government, rather than who can make out of it the most for himself.

To the President who has just shouldered a heavy burden of new responsibilities, and must expect a broadside of advice concerning changes he ought to make before settling down to the serious study of his programme of action, we commend a thoughtful review of Mr. Roosevelt's beginnings.

THE PUJO REPORT.

It is not possible, in considering the report submitted to Congress last Friday by the Pujo Committee, to overlook the peculiar circumstances under which it was made. The task of inquiring into the existence of a "Money Trust" was referred by the House of Representatives to its Banking and Currency Committee. That body in turn referred it to a sub-committee, under whose auspices the hearings were conducted. The customary procedure is for such a sub-committee to report to the main committee, which then lays its own findings before the House. The present report, however, was completed only a few days before the final adjournment of Congress, and the main committee declined to take the responsibility of acting, on such notice, upon so important a series of recommendations. The sub-committee thereupon reported directly to the House. Its conclusions have not been passed upon at all by the regular committee. Indeed, there is doubt how far the report represents even the mature judgment of the sub-committee itself. It is stated to be wholly the work of the sub-committee's counsel, though the majority accept it without question. The minority dissents, as was to be expected, on many points; one of the minority makes the statement that "the method of the investigation has been of an unusual character, entirely different from anything that I have ever witnessed during my experience in Congress. I refer to the agreement under which no member of the Committee has been permitted to interrogate witnesses upon subjects material to the investigation."

These incidental facts are important not so much for their bearing on the report itself—which, so far as regards the public view of it, must stand or fall on its own merits—as for their possible effect on the attitude of Congress towards it. The majority, after stating that their investigations are not completed, add that they have "deemed it best to present this intermediate report." Since the life of the House to which the report was presented, its Banking Committee, and the Pujo sub-committee itself, ended by law on the 4th of March, this was an obvious appeal for the next House to resuscitate the sub-committee.

Apart from all this, the problems involved in the subject are such that its recommendations require careful examination. The findings of fact in the report, regarding concentration of credit or the so-called "Money Trust," are such as had been expected. As for legislation proposed, some of the projects are sound. One such is the suggestion that two or more national banks should not be allowed to consolidate except with the Controller of the Currency's approval. This does not and should not bar acquisition of a weak and ill-managed institution by a strong and well-conducted one, for the manifest purpose of removing a danger from the depositing public and the money market. At least some of the bank mergers, in New York and elsewhere, have been of that nature. It is to be presumed that a proper public supervisor of banks will be able to see where consolidation will serve the community's real interests. The recent revised corporation laws of New Jersey contain a substantially similar proviso regarding industrial corporations, and it has been generally approved. There is much to say also for the proposed prohibition of the engagement of national banks in promotions or underwritings, and their use of depositors' funds for that purpose. It is probable, indeed, that direct participations of the sort are repugnant to the National Bank law as it stands. That officers of a bank should be forbidden to borrow from their own bank is a principle which ought to be enforced. To forbid officers and directors to participate in underwritings to which their banks are committed, raises exactly the principle brought out by some of the recognized abuses of life insurance company finance before the new Insurance law of 1905.

From so much of the Pujo Committee's recommendations there is small reason to dissent. The matter of "interlocking directorates," on the other hand, is by no means so simple as the Committee would have us imagine. To ordain that "no person should be permitted to be a director in more than one national bank serving the same community or locality," might remove evils in one community and create them in another. No account seems here to be taken either of the question whether the man elected director of two banks thereby necessarily controls the policies of both, or of the other question whether, supposing he did control them, such control would be in the least affected by excluding him from actual occupancy of more than one. The evil, if evil there were, would arise from the control, not from the actual seat upon both boards. Again, the Committee's proposal to forbid interstate corporations to keep their funds on deposit with private bankers, is a sweeping provision conceived from a narrow basis of reasoning. Corporations thus patronize private bankers, on occasion, for precisely the reason that individuals do—namely, that they obtain thereby special facilities for their ordinary business opera-

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tions, which may not be equally obtainable from a bank. The Committee, indeed, would in one bill require a company to limit its relations of this sort to national banks, while in another forbidding national banks to underwrite its new security issues. The truth is that these relations with private bankers, for such purposes, are as old as banking history; Governments themselves (our own included) have not disdained them when occasion rendered them advantageous.

It will be seen that some of the Committee's recommendations are merely supplementary to, if not already inherent in, the existing National Bank law. Others are proposals of such hasty and sweeping character that no prudent legislator would dream of acting on them, without a much more careful study of banking science and history itself than the Committee has made. The bill proposed by the Committee in regard to stock exchange regulation is a mass of mischievous absurdities. Beginning with the confession that "it is doubtful whether the Federal Government has power generally to regulate stock exchanges," it proceeds at once to propose that Congress "prohibit the transmission by the mails or by telegraph or by telephone" of buying or selling orders for an exchange which has not been incorporated. It ends by asking that a penalty of $1,000 fine, with imprisonment of two years for the first offence and of five for the second, be imposed on any one mailing, telegraphing, or telephoning any quotation, order, report, or information concerning transactions on such an exchange. It might have been supposed that the earlier rumor, according to which members of such a stock exchange were to be forbidden use of the mails, had reached the climax of possible foolishness in this sort of regulation. But the proposal actually made runs it close for the honor.

POPULARIZING GENIUS.

A great tradition is being killed by the newspapers. It is the tradition of genius starving in a garret, while waiting for recognition. Genius to-day would find it a very difficult task to go on starving while there is a single reporter abroad with a nose for the news. The author of the great, unpublished epic that throws "Paradise Lost" into the shade may be tempted to lash out at the degenerate mob that spends its time reading the newspapers instead of immortal literature. But he does the newspapers a great injustice. He fails to perceive that they are actually in the same business as himself. They, too, are anxious to give the world something new, something startling, something to make the staid and slippered citizen gasp, and read the item out aloud to Maria across the dining-room table. The press is the great befriender of the revolutionist in every sphere: in art, in literature, in music, in politics. The reason is obvious. The dreams of genius are the stuff headlines are made of. Your ordinary academic painter of pictures must win recognition by painful inches, but in the space of a few years the Cubists and Futurists have blazoned their name across the world. If the science of publicity had been as well developed in Richard Wagner's day as it is in our own, there would have been no bitter years of struggle. A few headlines—"Tinkling Tunes Grilled by Wagner" or "New Composer Throws Hat into Nibelungen Ring"—would have settled the business.

There are discriminating souls to whom the conquest of publicity by the geniuses will fail to give satisfaction. They are the rather unreasonable people who make it the world's shame that genius should be allowed to starve in a garret, and yet insist that starvation is the necessary hallmark of genius. Among thinkers of what one may call the Younger Set, there is even a disposition to regard material success, when it does come to the genius, as a blot on the 'scutcheon. The Richard Wagner whom the world accepts cannot, by definition, be the pure genius whom the world rejected. Perhaps there was a streak of the commonplace in him that accounts for his present vogue. At any rate, in all these restatements of the ancient case of Genius vs. the Contemporary Age, there is always a tendency to praise the genius and blame the age for doing exactly the same thing. If genius has the right and sacred duty to realize itself by throwing a brick at the complacent bourgeoisie of the times, the complacent bourgeois is entitled to live up to his own conceptions of the ideal by hurling the brick back with interest. The genius fulfils his mission by being out of gear with the world, but the world is expected to be in harmony with genius. That is to say, of two straight lines, the first must never be parallel to the second, but it is very disgraceful in the second not to be parallel to the first.

And yet here is where the newspaper man does step in to attempt a reconciliation between the genius and the world he spurns. To the thinkers of the Extreme Left who insist that genius is essentially an infinite capacity for giving pain to the mob, the reporter says: "My dear fellow, provided it is a novel, picturesque kind of pain you have to administer, I should be delighted to interview you." The spirit in which the reporter goes at his work may not at first sight be exactly one of acceptance and adoration. He approaches Matisse in very much the same mood that he approaches the Winsted hen which rings a bell every time it lays an egg; for he is after the story there is in it. But the true Futurist will be ready to admit that if the Winsted hen creates the same spiritual excitement, if it wrenches the soul out of the groove of the conventional, the hen, too, has fulfilled the great mission of art. There is force in the precept attributed to the elder Dana that a dog biting a man is not news, but that a man biting a dog is excellent news. "Man Biting Dog"—one feels that here is a ready-made title for a Futurist catalogue and a newspaper headline. A picture which shows a man walking down a staircase, if it receives newspaper notice at all, will get it in the obscure corner given over to the art reviewer. But when the picture, if it shows anything, shows a staircase walking down a man, it is front page matter. The genius that produced the second picture could not conceivably die in obscurity.

It is only one of the little ironies of life that the modern newspaper, apparently so devoted to the trivialities of the day, should turn out to be the protector of genius whose mission it is to protest against the trivial and the temporal. But that is only because we overlook the fact that, whether a thing is trivial or divine, the news test is that it must be novel, odd, calculated to make people sit up and take notice. Because genius is always preaching something new, it will always get a hearing from the press, provided, in theatrical phrase, it has the "wallop." To-day the Futurist and the Cubist are fascinating material for the reporter. Ages ago the reporter would have taken delight in chronicling the re-

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markable six-day exhibition of anti-Futurist art, in which the light was divided from the darkness, and the waters from the dry land, and man was created male and female, and the beasts after their kind, and the cattle after their kind, and one could easily tell whether an object was a man or a cow or only the moon reflected in the waters under the firmament.

THE TYPEWRITER OR THE MUSE?

One more link with the past is almost severed. Literary inspiration, like religion, used to be sought from on high. The typewriter has changed all that. One author, sojourning at Lake Como, and desiring to write, remembered with chagrin, we learn, that he had no machine. When he procured one he was obliged to spend days in training himself in the Italian system. Then, and then only, did his thoughts begin to flow. Other authors approach the typewriter in different ways, but without it most of those who are before the public to-day would be quite helpless. To judge by data furnished by one publisher, writers sit down to this instrument with the confidence felt of old by a darling of the muses. But by the change literature has not been deprived of a presiding genius, and as our present-day faiths and beliefs have come to dwell directly in our midst and are largely man-made, it is fitting that whatever superior power the typewriter may possess has been bestowed by man's own ingenuity. Yet the outstanding fact is that this complicated little organism has assumed something of a personality. The unthinking will find in this a great come-down from the conditions of former times. What poetry resided in the simple quill, stolen, for aught we knew, from Jove's eagle! The reflection it caused was brought into relation with its high origin. The typewriter, by its completeness, becomes no mere intermediary. Within it reside, dumbly present, the ingredients of all the divine words ever uttered.

The gain has far exceeded any imaginary loss. Think of the hours of torture Walter Pater would have been spared if, instead of pacing up and down, jerking his hair, and groaning, he could have sat down cosily in front of a mechanical helpmeet! For some of us much of Schiller's work has been spoiled by the knowledge that it was done while his feet were plunged in cold water. Coleridge spoke feelingly of the "labor of composition." There is no such labor to-day. Keep your ribbon fresh, apply the oil can frequently, cultivate handiness with the screwdriver, and writing is a joy. Your slightest mental effort meets the response given by a spirited horse to an almost inaudible cluck. If you vainly fancy that you have nothing to say, hark for a moment to the music of your thoughts as they stutter along, striving after a stirring message. Under such almost human compulsion it is impossible to keep the fingers still. Best of all, there is little temptation to look back, which with writers of former generations often discouraged them from ever going on.

Perhaps the "mood" has become a different thing from what it used to be. Not that writers do not still seek out choice spots to visit. But their aim, as we understand it, if it is not to search for local color, is to foster their physical well-being. Inspiration they are not looking for; they know a handier place to find it. From the point of view of the present, it seems effeminate to wait for the mood to strike. We know what that led to in the case of De Quincey and Coleridge. For lack of a modern invention they were driven to opium. The mood was a pose from the stigma of which only recently has literature been able to free itself. Something was needed to prove that an author's methods could be as business-like as a successful merchant's. This revolution is apparently consummated. The late David Graham Phillips took care to explain that writing books was merely a question of sticking at your machine so many hours a day. The lean or fruitless days which former authors experienced have been wiped out by the typewriter. Man or woman sits down to work at a given hour, and at the end of an allotted time can almost invariably count upon a certain amount of work done. It is no small thing that the typewriter has replaced intermittent by steady inspiration.

The typewriter has also democratized literature enormously by undermining the position of the "man of letters." There was a deal of snobbery in that term. Just what it meant is hard now to say. Not wealth or birth, certainly. It seemed to give factitious honor to those who used a gold pen. So far has this condition been reversed that one young author, exulting in his success, puts into the class of freaks those who have not adopted the new manner. By the simple process of a mechanical device literature has become closely related to business letters, balance-sheets, and all those other documents of everyday existence which constitute real life. There is more in this than appears at first sight. Even a pencil and a piece of wrapping paper—to take the most modest case of former times—contributed a sentimental value to the situation which is impossible now. The typewriter symbolizes respectability, without fuss and feathers.

It is right, however, that a brief last honor be done to venerable survivors of the old order. We know a man of five and seventy who writes uphill on a sheet of foolscap. His sentences are sometimes long, are always sturdy, and often are as pointed as the hard little pen he uses. He has never, we believe, written on factory management, nor on the high cost of living. When it is said that he publishes essays without the accompaniment of either photographs or statistics, the reader will understand just where to place him. We have seen him sit for half an hour, the pen motionless, as he looked out of his window to a dozen fir trees up a hill. Poor fellow! he had only the muse to woo, and that takes time.

MEN OF LETTERS IN POLITICS.

LONDON, February 21.

The secession of G. K. Chesterton from the staff of the *Daily News* to that of a Labor paper is not quite the most important event of the week. Still, it is of interest as symptomatic of an ailment that is afflicting several men of letters just now. They are the victims of a violent antipathy to the organized political parties.

There is nothing inherently incompatible between literary and political eminence. It is enough to point to the fact that the present Cabinet includes Lord Morley, Augustine Birrell, and Winston Churchill. But when these men entered the party arena they brought with them a much more substantial equipment than is possessed by the mere man of letters. Lord Morley's reputation was gained not as a writer of fiction or belles-lettres, but as a philosophical thinker. Mr. Birrell's "Obiter Dicta" really were what he called them. They were the extra-professional utterances of a working

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lawyer. And it was in personal adventure in the field that Mr. Churchill gained the material for the books which first made him known.

Now, when a novice in politics has already thought out for himself the leading issues of economics and philosophy, or has had enough experience of the world to teach him what is meant by co-operation for a common purpose, he is fit to approach the practical questions that occupy the attention of a legislature. But the writer, whose main asset is an instinct for the dramatic, or a strong æsthetic sense, or a brilliant style, usually makes a fool of himself when he meddles with public affairs. His political activities are not a deliberate attempt to carry out a definite and harmonious programme, but consist of a series of hysterical spasms. And when he is criticised for his futility, he generally gives fresh emphasis to the charge by indulging in a screaming tirade against parties.

Perhaps the most conspicuous instance of the political ineptitude of the mere *littérateur* is supplied by the career of Hilaire Belloc. Mr. Belloc is one of the most charming of essayists. "Instead of which," he insisted on becoming a Member of Parliament. By grace of the electors of South Salford, he sat in the House of Commons for nearly five years. At the end of that period his constituents heard with relief that he had had enough of it. Unfortunately, instead of recognizing his failure—and failure, under such circumstances, involved no discredit to a man whose real gifts lay in another direction—Mr. Belloc assumed the attitude of the soldier who declared that every other man in the regiment was out of step. Everybody was wrong and everything was wrong. The conflict between the parties was only a pretence. The Premier and the leader of the Opposition, though ostensibly attacking each other from public platforms and on the floor of the House, were in reality partners in a conspiracy to exploit the public and share the spoils. In fact, what Mr. Belloc alleged against the party leaders was the kind of understanding that is said to have existed between Boss Croker and Boss Platt.

There is no reason to doubt that Mr. Belloc honestly believed this absurdity. He believed it, indeed, so sincerely that he joined in the hazardous venture of founding a weekly newspaper to propagate the tale. This non-party, or rather anti-party, organ was at first called the *Eye-Witness*, but the name has lately been changed to the *New Witness*. The proprietors enlisted the aid of several of the cleverest literary men of the day, with the result that the paper soon became one of the most brilliant publications in London. It has also become, truth to tell, one of the most scurrilous. Its virulent anti-Semitism is only one of many unwholesome features. It has, of course, out-Heroded Herod—that is to say, out-Maxsed Maxse—in its abuse of the Government over the so-called Marconi scandal. Within a few weeks Mr. Belloc will probably be invited to appear before the same select committee which recently took in hand the chief propagator of these charges and turned him inside out.

It is lamentable that a man of the high qualities of Mr. Belloc should thus reduce himself to the level of a gutter journalist. But such a fate is a fit nemesis of the overweening conceit that spoils so many able literary craftsmen. The heads of writers of a certain type are easily turned by the compliments that are paid them for their vivid imagination and their exquisite style. They assume at once a "superior person" pose, looking down with infinite contempt on the commonplace bourgeois persons who do the every-day work of the world, whether in politics or outside. The system of party government has its evils, and serious ones, but the country is far better off in the hands of party politicians than it would be under the control of a Parliament composed of the unbalanced impressionists that Mr. Belloc and his friends would like to see at Westminster.

Maurice Hewlett, Laurence Housman, and Israel Zangwill are other distinguished men of letters whose recent incursions into political controversy add new point to the old warning that the cobbler should stick to his last. On two at least of these three the woman suffrage movement has acted like an irresistible magnet, pulling them away from any kind of mooring that may hitherto have attached them to the world of realities. As to Mr. Chesterton, whose latest somersault started these reflections, the more one ponders his change the more one is puzzled to understand it. He is leaving the *Daily News* because, he tells us, that paper has come to stand for nearly everything he disagrees with. And he has joined the *Daily Herald*. But the *Daily Herald* fights for Socialism with a flail. And Mr. Chesterton is an anti-Socialist. H. W. H.

SWISS NOTES.

NEUCHÂTEL, February 17.

Attendance at the Swiss universities, and at the Schools of Technology and Commerce, has been considerably diminished by the war in the Near East. From Geneva, Lausanne, Zürich, and Neuchâtel the exodus has been large in proportion to the total number of students matriculated. From a small centre like Neuchâtel, for example, forty Bulgarians went to the front. This is exclusive of Serbs, Rumanians, Turks, and Greeks who have been studying in the universities and schools of the Confederation.

An interesting contribution to the literature of Pacificism is a book which has just appeared, entitled "Sociologie de la paix." It is an introduction to "the philosophy of international law." The author is Dr. de Maday, professor of sociology in the University of Neuchâtel. By birth an Hungarian, he perfected his studies at Paris and Geneva, and has written voluminously in French and German on social subjects. Not content with a theoretical treatment of sociological problems, he has been engaged in personal investigations at Geneva and elsewhere, assisted by his wife and a staff of students. He is not only a pacificist, but also an ardent feminist. His work is not explicitly controversial; and his method is objective. He prefers to let the facts speak for themselves. He says he has studied "war and peace as natural phenomena in the scientific sense of the term, to discover what their relations are to the evolution of humanity." By tracing the history of this evolution, and anticipating its future, he is led to take an optimistic view of what is to come. Whatever opinion may be entertained of the author's treatment of the subject, the book may be recommended for its clear and vigorous style.

In these days when Nietzsche's idea of the Wille zur Macht has found its way into certain kinds of literature, it may be worth while to notice a new book in which a thesis contradictory to that of the German writer is defended. The author is not a professional theologian or philosopher. He is Jules Gaudard, an engineer, who holds an honorary chair in the University of Lausanne. In his work, "La Foi par l'humilité ou la force par l'infirmité," he contends that meekness, modesty, and humility are necessary not only to scientific progress, but to achieving any large results. "L'humble infirmité" is the most powerful force. He seeks to establish this paradox by citing many historical examples which are, he thinks, decisive.

Students of the psychology of religion will be interested in a work published by Professor Schroeder, of the free theological faculty at the University of Lausanne. The author is less conspicuous than the editor. His object is to throw light on the psychological conditions of the frequent revivals of religion during the first half of the nineteenth century. The most important part of the book consists of a correspondence between Louis Bonnard and certain of his friends, particularly the eminent theologian, Vinet. The letters of Vinet hitherto *inédites* go far to complete one's conception of a religious philosopher whose character and work have for more than a year been the theme of many Swiss and French writers.

Discussing the probability of Bernard Shaw's plays meeting with success in Swiss theatres, Guillermet, a Geneva

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critic, makes this extraordinary statement:

> The theatre at Geneva presents a singular spectacle when Ibsen, the precursor of Shaw, is played. The enthusiasts, mostly strangers in this country, applaud until their gloves are split. The "intellectuals" admire, either seriously or snobbishly, these northern productions; but the majority of the audience are ill at ease, and fearing to be behind the times, subscribe to all these dangerous and far-fetched Utopias.

Bridel of Lausanne has begun the publication of a collection of Vaudois genealogies, edited by the Genealogical Society of the canton. Among the family trees noted is that of Edouard Rod. His ancestry is traced to a notary in 1574, and members of his family have sat on the bench and have been active in civic affairs. Rod's own liking for legal questions and judicial trials is apparent to every reader of his novels.

Another book which has lately appeared at Lausanne will interest architects and antiquarians. It is entitled "Les Châteaux valaisans." The text is by A. Solandieu, whose descriptions are often almost poetical. The excellent illustrations, by the Société des Arts Graphiques, give a fine representation of the bold and hardly accessible strongholds in that mountainous canton. Unlike those of the plain, the châteaux of Valais were not built after the fashion of country houses. They were strongly fortified, and those that remain are forts rather than dwellings, built as they were on rocks high above surrounding precipices. If the exterior of these old buildings is rough and forbidding, the interior exhibits products of gentler arts, such as fine Italian columns and specimens of that wood carving for which Switzerland is famous. Fortunately, these historic remains in Valais are for the most part well protected. They are not like a certain thirteenth-century château in another canton, which was purchased by a Swiss captain of industry. The Salle des Chevaliers was converted into a billiard-room, the walls of which were decorated with pictorial advertisements of the parvenu's business. The ancient chapel was empty and undecorated. An old carved wooden image of the Virgin was put in the corner, like an umbrella.

A Berlin committee, among the members of which are Hofprediger Dryander and Professor Harnack, are raising 65,000 francs as a contribution to the international Monument of the Reformation which is to be erected at Geneva.

René de Weck, of the Secrétariat of Swiss workingmen, has issued a catalogue of publications edited by him since the creation of the institution in 1887, together with an alphabetical index of questions discussed in reports presented at all the Swiss labor congresses from 1887 to 1911.

M. Antonio Villari is the author of a work recently published at Lugano, entitled "Le Chiese cristiane." The author calls himself a "free believer," but not a "modernist." He endeavors to harmonize the differing doctrines of the Latin, Greek, and Protestant Churches. While he thinks that each of these has its own work to do, he criticises Rome for its enforced confession, for its insistence upon the celibacy of the clergy, and its discouragement of Bible study among the laity. He finds fault with Protestants for ignoring the doctrine of the communion of saints, living and dead, and their misunderstanding of confession. His sympathy seems to be rather with the Greek Church, although the book is moderate and fairly impartial.

Zürich is to have a new central library, in which the collections of the canton, as well as of the town, are to find a place. The old building near the Münster-Brücke is quite insufficient, and some interesting books and manuscripts are kept in the National Museum. The site of the new building is on the Amtshaus Platz. A. A.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The George Routledge & Sons publishing house has recently issued "A Kipling Dictionary," compiled by W. Arthur Young, which thousands of libraries in America will buy and which will be quite useless to those possessing only the Outward Bound edition and inadequate for those possessing Doubleday, Page's edition.

The compiler has blandly ignored all of the American editions; it is evident, indeed, that he has never seen one, for in a note upon the Outward Bound edition he naïvely remarks that "the preface to this American edition . . . indicates that 'Bitters Neat' and 'Haunted Subalterns' are included in 'Plain Tales from the Hills'; 'Mrs. Hauksbee Sits Out' with 'Under the Deodars,' and 'The Enlightenments of Pagett, M. P.,' with 'In Black and White.'" The statement is quite correct and "indicates" is charming. Mr. Young might, however, have added that "The Pit That Digged Itself" and "The Track of a Lie" are included in "The Phantom 'Rickshaw," "The Tabu Tale" in "Just So Stories," and the "Wreck of the Visigoth" in "The Day's Work, Part II." This admitting of some of the facts and suppressing others seems hardly fair. In the notes upon the above titles, Mr. Young usually makes a statement to the effect that the story does not appear in the English edition, but is included in "some" American editions.

Any one who has had occasion to look for particular stories or poems of Mr. Kipling's has been baffled by the confusion of titles in the various editions. Thus, the English editions use the titles "Life's Handicap," "Many Inventions," and "Wee Willie Winkie," and the Doubleday edition uses "Life's Handicap," "Many Inventions," and "Abaft the Funnel," which are not used as volume titles in the Outward Bound edition, although the stories are included in that set. Also, different editions using the same titles do not include in their volumes exactly the same stories. It is these erratic customs that make a Kipling Dictionary especially desirable, and it is just these vagaries that Mr. Young ignores with an imperturbability that speaks well for his self-possession under trying circumstances. Considering the fact that the United States has been a large contributor to Mr. Kipling's success, it should seem that his bibliographer might have included the authorized American editions in his Dictionary without incurring the risk of being called unpatriotic. Mr. Young is evidently of a reticent disposition, for he nowhere confides in the public exactly what editions he has used as the basis of his work. He merely remarks in an obscure paragraph that "practically the whole of Mr. Kipling's publishing in Great Britain has been done through two houses; the stories and prose writings through Macmillan & Co. and the verse through Methuen & Co." From which we infer that he has used these editions, but he could not be convicted of the charge from any statement that he definitely makes.

Twenty-six titles assigned in the Dictionary to "Life's Handicap," fourteen to "Many Inventions," five to "Wee Willie Winkie," and two to "Plain Tales from the Hills," occur in the Outward Bound edition under the book titles, "In Black and White," "Phantom 'Rickshaw," "From Sea to Sea," "Soldiers Three, Pts. I and II," "The Day's Work," "Under the Deodars," and "The Jungle Book." This number of deviations (it may not be complete) is sufficient to cause much trouble to the reader, but not large enough to have added any appreciable amount to the work of the bibliographer had he made note of the American titles. Having done so much, it is to be regretted that Mr. Young did not do a little more.

Glaring as are these omissions in a work whose only excuse for being should be that it is comprehensive, they are yet not unaccountable when one makes allowance for the English point of view. But confusing errors in arrangement are inexcusable both on the part of the compiler and the publisher. Even an Englishman might be expected to know his alphabet. Mr. Young does not. With the articles and prepositions he is wholly at sea. When "the" occurs in the body of title, he usually disregards it entirely. The simple rule of alphabeting is this: the article which is the first word of a title or subject is disregarded, but otherwise alphabeting is done in exact accordance with the author's title. The indefinite article presents the same difficulties to Mr. Young as does the definite. For instance, "In Ambush" follows "In a land, etc." The prepositions are hopeless. "In Error" deserts the other "ins" and is found cozily wedged between "Independent Experimenter" and "Inexpressibles." In correct alphabeting, each word, irrespective of its length is an entity, and titles are arranged first by the initial word, then by the succeeding ones. We admit that the intricacies of alphabeting present difficulties to the uninitiated, but what excuses the following entries?

Mowgli the frog.
Mowgli's Wife.
Mowgli leaves the jungle.
Mowgli's brothers

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Mutries.
Muse among the motors.

Marklake Witches.
Marks of the Beast.
Mark Twain.

You may talk o' gin and beer,
Yoked with an unbeliever.

When it comes to "Mr." and "Mrs." and "Miss," our compiler gives up in despair, and, like the man who could not spell after words of one syllable, he "guesses." With hyphenated titles he uses an eclectic method quite his own.

Mr. Young must, however, have credit for an ingenuity that surpasses that of his critic. Doubtless he had a reason, inscrutable though it be, for placing ".007" between "N. G." and "Nabi Baksh." I succeeded in finding this entry (it is a puzzling one) only after collating more than half of the volume, page by page. This method of locating a title may be recommended on the score of accuracy, but it lacks expedition. However, Americans are proverbially in a hurry.

A careful examination of the volume would probably multiply examples of inaccuracy, but perhaps enough has been said to indicate that the compilation might be improved upon. INA FIRKINS.

Correspondence

WAR WITH MEXICO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The eager souls who have denounced Mr. Taft's Administration for lack of vigor in dealing with the Mexican situation would do well to review their American history.

Only a series of fortunate incidents saved us from the annexation of the whole of Mexico at the close of the Mexican War. The war developed a stubborn defence on the part of the Mexicans. The conquest was at a terrible price in blood and money. The blood price roused "patriotism." The money price suggested a vast indemnity. The whole current of war and conquest carried us towards a "manifest destiny" in Mexico. Nobody of consequence thought of annexation at the beginning of the war, but events soon stirred the militant spirit of imperialism. Towards the close of the war there was a rising tide of sentiment eager for "the whole of Mexico." Public meetings passed resolutions favoring it. The Hunker Democrats in New York declared officially for it. Public journals, politicians, Congressmen, and even Cabinet members began to swing in the direction of the advancing sentiment. Senator Dickinson, of New York, at a public dinner, offered the following toast: "A More Perfect Union embracing the entire North American Continent." Senator Hannegan, of Indiana, offered the following resolution in the Senate: "That it may become necessary and proper, as it is within the constitutional capacity of this Government, for the United States to hold Mexico as a territorial appendage." Among the newspapers even the New York *Evening Post* caught the spirit of the times and spoke ringingly:

> Now we ask whether any man can coolly contemplate the idea of recalling our troops from the territory we at present occupy—from San Juan de Ulloa—from Monterey—from Puebla—and thus by one stroke of a secretary's pen, resign this beautiful country to the custody of the ignorant cowards and profligate ruffians who have ruled it the last twenty-five years.

In the President's Cabinet there were ardent expansionists. Attorney-General Clifford wanted a goodly slice of Mexico. Robert J. Walker, of the Treasury, wanted the whole loaf. Even Buchanan, the Secretary of State, who at the opening of the war was an outspoken anti-imperialist, heard the rumbling of the chariot wheels and faced about in obedience to "Vox Populi, Vox Dei." In November, 1847, Polk requested Buchanan to prepare a paragraph on our policy in Mexico for the forthcoming Presidential message. In his draft the Secretary declared that, in the event of continued resistance on the part of Mexico, "we must fulfil that destiny which Providence may have in store for both countries." Polk objected to such abject submission to "manifest destiny," but he had a long struggle with Buchanan and other Cabinet members before he could get the statement properly modified. (For the above facts see E. G. Bourne in *American Historical Review* V, 491-502. Same article in Bourne, "Essays in Historical Criticism," 227 ff.)

The point of the whole episode is that with the rising tide of war the spirit of imperialism grew as it always will under such circumstances. Only a kind fortune held us back. Polk, expansionist as he was, felt that he was publicly pledged against taking Mexico. The spectre of slavery extension frightened many people in the North. The Congress then in session had been elected a year earlier, before the conquests of 1847 had stirred the lust for territory.

What might not happen in a war of intervention at the present time, when our national mind, once so averse to the monster imperialism, has already become "familiar with her face"? The possibilities involved are enough to give pause to most of us, even though we were never frightened by Von Humboldt's prophecy uttered years ago: "Die Vereinigten Staaten werden ganz Mexico an sich reissen und dann selbst zerfallen."

RAYNER W. KELSEY.

Haverford, Pa., February 26.

THE GREAT NEED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The letter in your issue of February 27 by Margaret Ladd Franklin suggests this inquiry:

> Has there been an advance in the average intelligence of the citizens of the United States during the past 125 years, and is the government any better administered to-day than it was then? If so, has this advance been due to the broadening of the suffrage, or merely to the increase in the wealth of the country and the opportunities for free education—forces well under way of development in this country before the beginning of the last century?
>
> Is not the need of the country to-day a higher moral sense of the obligations of individuals to society rather than more legislation or better government? If so, is it not to be procured by education in the arts and sciences rather than by an extension of the suffrage?

Does not the history of great reform movements show that, if successful at all, they are only partly so, and that each reform has the germs of evil as well as good?

An extended study of these questions, with the admission of the drawbacks to a liberal suffrage, will furnish a convincing answer to patriotic voters of the advisability of extending the suffrage to women.

MURRAY T. QUIGG.

Cambridge, Mass., February 27.

OVID AS A SOURCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The commentators on Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra" have nothing to say about his allusions in II, vii, 29-31, and I, iii, 68-9, to the generative power attributed to the sun and the slime left by the overflow of the Nile. The passages are:

> Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.
>
> By the fire
> That quickens Nilus' slime.

Jonson refers to the same thing ("Catiline," V, i, 54-5):

> Poured on some inhabitable place,
> Where the hot sun and slime breeds nought but monsters.

And both are anticipated by Spenser ("F. Q.," I, i, 21), who, however, has nothing to say of the agency of the sun:

> As when old father Nilus gins to swell
> With timely pride above the Ægyptian vale,
> His fattie waves doe fertile slime outwell,
> And overflow each plaine and lowly dale:
> But, when his later spring gins to avale,
> Huge heapes of mudd he leaves, wherein there breed
> Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly male
> And partly femall, of his fruitful seed;
> Such ugly monstrous shapes elswher may no man reed.

All these presumably derive from Ovid, "Met.," i, 416-440, thus translated by King:

> All other life in various shapes the Earth
> Spontaneous bare, soon as the Sun had kissed
> Her bosom yet undried, and mud and marsh
> Stirred into ferment:—and all seeds of things,
> As in some mother's womb, beneath the soil
> Nutritious warmed, waxed numberless, and rose
> Matured to shape. As, when the seven-mouthed Nile
> From the soaked fields withdraws his flood, and rolls
> Betwixt his wonted banks, and Summer's rays
> On the fresh slime beam kindling, countless forms
> Of life beneath his share the ploughman finds,
> Wondering—some scarce advanced beyond the stage
> Of first conception,—lacking some this limb
> Or that, imperfect;—while, in some, half lives,
> Half drags unborn, nor disengaged from earth.
> For Heat and Moisture, duly mixed, conceive
> And generate all things. Fire and Water, foes
> By nature, with concordant discord breed
> Embracing, all-creative vaporous warmth.
> And thus when Earth, yet with the recent flood
> From all her pores exuding, felt the glow
> Of Heaven's returning sun, unnumbered kinds
> Of life she uttered—some in ancient form
> Renewed, and some in strange and monstrous shape.
> Then first—abhorrent of her fruit—she bore
> Huge Python, serpent-prodigy, the dread
> Of the new world, o'er half the mountain's side
> Enormous coiled.

The last lines will also serve to explain Milton, "Par. Lost," x, 529-31:

> Now Dragon grown, larger than whom the Sun
> Engendered in the Pythian vale on slime,
> Huge Python.

Certain earlier ones (427 ff.) may have

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suggested the idea of Milton, "Par. Lost," vii, 463-9:

The grassy clods now calved; now half appeared
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts—then springs, as broke from bonds,
And rampant shakes his brinded mane; the ounce,
The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole
Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks.

There is no specific warrant in Ovid for the generation of the crocodile in the manner suggested by Shakespeare; but the latter (properly enough) associates the crocodile with the serpent, and Ovid's Python is expressly called a serpent. Moreover, we are told that the crocodile is hatched by the heat of the sun ("International Dictionary" and "Encyclopædia Britannica," 9th edition, *s. v.* Crocodile; Wiedemann, "Herodots Zweites Buch," p. 297).

Diodorus Siculus (i, 10) confirms Ovid. According to him, the Egyptians believed that at the subsidence of the Nile, when the sun parches the mud, animals come into being, some fully formed, while others are incomplete and adherent to the earth. The general notion is as early as Anaxagoras, who conceived the first animals to have originated from a combination of heat, moisture, and earthy matter.

ALBERT S. COOK.

Yale University, February 25.

JOAQUIN MILLER'S NAME.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Reviewers of the late Joaquin Miller almost invariably refer to him as Cincinnatus *Heine* Miller. Many years ago I had occasion to write his name, and followed that style. Miller crossed out the middle name and made it "Hiner." I asked his mother about it, and she said he was correct.

HOWARD V. SUTHERLAND.

Denver, Col., February 25.

AREN'T I?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It may also interest "L. M. P." (who in your last issue records that he first made the acquaintance of *Aren't I* from the lips of his children) to know that probably every parent in every section of the country is making the same acquaintance in the same way, and has been doing so for many years past. My boy used the expression apparently under the influence of *Aren't you* and *Aren't they,* and not through any conscious or unconscious modification of *Am not I,* as a means of finding the quickest route to the end of the sentence.

J. W. T.

Lafayette College, March 1.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "L. M. P.," writing from Boston to the *Nation,* says *Aren't I* has become rather common among Boston children. The expression is occasionally heard here, but its use is generally confined to recently arrived, half-educated English men and women. Plain Americans, that is to say, every-day, ordinary college graduates, in the privacy of their own homes—assuming there is no school-marm about—still say *Ain't I,* in primitive New England innocence. The Boston father welcomes such an expression in the mouths of his children as supplying "a long-felt need." Certain Chicago *patres familias* would not welcome such sophisticated innovations and would apply an instant correction—which also would undoubtedly be "long-felt."

HARVARD.

Chicago, March 1.

FOREIGNERS IN GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In view of the large number of Americans who complete their education in Germany, the growing dissatisfaction of the native students with the liberal terms on which foreigners are allowed to matriculate—a dissatisfaction which has been brought to notice by the student strike at the University of Halle—is a matter of vital interest to this country. It is more than possible that the German Government will sooner or later readjust the conditions of attendance for foreigners; and it should seem to an impartial observer that she would be perfectly justified in doing so.

The popularity of the German schools showed a marked increase from the period when Prussia's victories over Austria and France, and the establishment of the Empire, gave the country such a prestige as she had never enjoyed before. The Germans of the last two generations have attained remarkable success in technical and commercial lines, and their business and technical Hochschulen are crowded and besieged by foreigners. An article in a current German weekly is authority for the statement that the Handelshochschule of Leipzig enrolled last semester 60 per cent. of foreigners, and that the Berlin Handelshochschule has this semester, out of a total attendance of 509, as many as 178 from other countries, of whom 65 are Russians, 28 Rumanians, 7 Bulgarians, 7 Servians, and 69 Austrians, a large part of the last-named contingent being Slavs. It is against this Russian and Slavic element that student hostility is principally directed.

The middle or lower-class Russian is likely to be extremely primitive in his manners and his ways of living, so that his society is not always agreeable to a member of a race which has learned more refinement; and, worse than this, he is almost sure to be a revolutionist and to bring a disturbing influence into the decorous German state. The Russian Jews, in particular, dissatisfied with the rigorous limitations and other odious restrictions which surround them at home, flock to the German university cities for other reasons than a consuming thirst for knowledge, and often form a very undesirable element of the student population.

For all her rigor in her requirements from native candidates for matriculation, the regulations Germany has set for the admission of foreign students to her schools are so lax that almost any adult foreigner can enter one of her universities, without reference to his preparation. Thus Russians who would never in the world be able to procure admission to their own narrowly and rigidly supervised universities, cross the border and enter the German schools without difficulty; and much the same thing is true of students from other countries. Thus the foreign attendance lowers the scholarship standards; and in addition to the objections already mentioned, it often taxes the resources of the school and inconveniences the native attendance; it teaches the foreigner at Germany's expense—for none of these schools is self-supporting—to become a successful rival of the German in commerce, the trades, and the arts; and, last but not least, the aggressive feminine element from other countries—and here American girls are largely to blame—has caused native conservatism much uneasiness.

There is no doubt that the freedom with which students from abroad have entered the German schools has contributed not a little to Germany's excellent reputation throughout the world; but it would be easily possible to limit and sift the foreign element without excluding it. Suggestions looking towards more rigid entrance requirements as to preparation, much larger entrance and incidental fees from outsiders, and an earlier enrolment of natives in order to give them the preference, are all feasible and reasonable.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE.

Norman, Okla., February 20.

Literature

AMUNDSEN'S DISCOVERY.

The South Pole: An Account of the Norwegian Antarctic Expedition in the "Fram," 1910-1912. By Roald Amundsen. Translated from the Norwegian by A. G. Chater. With maps and illustrations. In two volumes. New York: Lee Keedick. $10 net.

To countless readers who have been wrought up to the point of wanting to get just as far away from the North Pole as circumstances will allow, here is a welcome opportunity. In Capt. Amundsen's attractively dressed volumes there are no contested claims to be defended, no hurling of railing accusations, no hasty and ill-considered pronunciamentos to be apologized for, no undue gloating over achievements won. This is the narrative of a modest, unassuming gentleman, bearing on its face the stamp of absolute sincerity. It is an evident pleasure to him to reflect that as many others as possible had a share in his achievement. When his party had reached a spot as near the actual pole as could be determined, the right hands of each of the five men present simultaneously grasped the staff of the Norwegian flag and put it in position to be left as a memorial, nor did the flag bear any caution to future explorers that Capt. Amundsen had "formally taken possession of the entire region, and adjacent, for and in the name of" King Haakon VII. And in addition to all these evidences of befitting modesty in his book, various American audiences during the past few weeks have heard him remark that the researches in oceanography, carried on with the Fram under First Officer Nilson, during

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the interval between the landing of the polar party and its return from the Pole to open water, will take rank in the future as far the most important feature of the expedition. All of this is just what we have learned to expect from the quiet, persistent, and competent explorer who a few years ago wormed the little Gjöa through the northern ice from the Atlantic to the Pacific, adding much to our store of geographical knowledge, picking up the magnetic pole as he went along, and writing his name down in history as the first man to take a vessel from ocean to ocean north of Patagonia. And here we may appropriately mention the warm tribute which he pays to the services of Frederick A. Cook, during the terrible sufferings of the crew of the Belgica in Antarctic waters, in the winter of 1898-99. It will be remembered that the crew was attacked by both scurvy and insanity. "Cook's behavior at this time won the respect and devotion of all. It is not too much to say that Cook was the most popular man of the expedition, and he deserved it. From morning to night he was occupied with his many patients, and when the sun returned it happened not infrequently that, after a strenuous day's work, the doctor sacrificed his night's sleep to go hunting seals and penguins, in order to provide the fresh meat that was so greatly needed by all. . . . Upright, honorable, capable, and conscientious in the extreme—such is the memory we retain of Frederick A. Cook from those days." Will any one ever solve the psychological problem of Dr. Cook?

In his introductory chapter, Capt. Amundsen again raises the question of the validity of the reported Antarctic discoveries of Lieut. Charles Wilkes, in 1840, though not to the extent of denying that the Antarctic continent was seen at all. The cartography of Wilkes he regards as at least inexplicably inaccurate, since "Wilkes Land has subsequently been sailed over in many places, by several expeditions." Doubtless, the sensational subsequent career of Wilkes, with its various controversies and court-martials, has been more or less responsible for a certain quickness of heart to disbelieve in all that he reported. In its general outlines, however, the northern border of the Antarctic continent as now known is not fatally out of harmony with the claimed observations of Wilkes, through the long stretch from 95° to 155° east longitude; and as the land actually exists, it should seem to require more than inaccurate cartography on Wilkes's part to justify the harsh conclusion that he never saw it. It will be remembered that Gen. A. W. Greely, the *National Geographic Magazine*, and other authorities regarded Sir Ernest Shackleton's observations of 1908 and 1909 as removing the last ground of suspicion from the good faith of Wilkes.

The change of purpose that suddenly headed the Fram for the South Pole after she had been fitted up for a voyage in the Arctic basin was not known to the crew itself, with the exception of First Officer Nilson, until the vessel had reached Madeira. The sudden announcement that the North Pole had been discovered was, of course, the reason for the change. The adequate financing of the long northern voyage which Amundsen had planned was not yet complete, and with the best incentive to contributions now removed, the outlook, for the time being, was virtually hopeless. But out of the darkness there came to the resourceful mind of the leader the sudden inspiration to sail southward. In that direction he believed successes to be attainable which, while deferring the more expensive northern trip, could be so used as to put that enterprise firmly on its feet. The probable criticism that a voyage into the Antarctic just at that time would be a discourtesy to Capt. Scott, he did not regard as serious. The British expedition was organized primarily for extended scientific research, with the attainment of the Pole as only a very subordinate consideration. With Amundsen, on the other hand, penetration to the Pole was the main aim, with only such scientific research as others could accomplish, with very limited equipment, while he himself and the necessary assistants were pushing that aim to the speediest possible conclusion. Of course, he avoided Scott's previously announced route, by way of McMurdo Sound and the Beardmore Glacier. The Bay of Whales, chosen as his basis, lies 350 geographic miles east of Scott's winter quarters in McMurdo Sound. But in any case, the claim that one searcher after some desirable bit of scientific fact is bound to lie back and await the success or failure of another who has started previously on the quest is wholly inadmissible.

We need not linger over the details of the sledge journey. Readers have had no dearth of incidents of ice travel of late. The chief peculiarity in Amundsen's case lay in the necessity of travelling over ice-covered land, rather than water, and land of such conformation as to leave no escape from an ascent to a level of more than ten thousand feet. These mountain slopes Amundsen regards as in themselves sufficient to determine the question as between Eskimo dogs and the Manchurian ponies used by Shackleton and Scott. An ascent absolutely out of the question for ponies can readily be conquered by the dogs, and the problem of food for the latter is grewsomely simpler. One who has a fondness for these faithful animals will hardly enjoy the persistent realism with which this side of the sledge journey is related. There were above forty dogs when the top of the mountains was reached, a little south of the eighty-fifth parallel. Here twenty-four were killed and their flesh placed in store as food for the rest on the return journey. Let us quote a few words:

> There went the first shot. I am not a nervous man, but I must admit that I gave a start. Shot now followed upon shot. They had an uncanny sound over the great plain. A trusty servant lost his life each time. It was long before the first man reported that he had finished; they were all to open their dogs and take out the entrails to prevent the meat being contaminated. The entrails were for the most part devoured warm on the spot by the victims' comrades, so voracious were they all. Suggen, one of Wisting's dogs, was especially eager for warm entrails. After enjoying this luxury, he could be seen staggering about in a quite misshapen condition. . . . The holiday humor that ought to have prevailed in the tent that evening—our first on the plateau—did not make its appearance; there was depression and sadness in the air—we had grown so fond of our dogs. The place was named "the Butcher's Shop." It had been arranged that we should stop here two days to rest and eat dog.

More than half the second volume is taken up by collateral reports and appendices. Lieut. Prestrud writes of the eastern sledge journey to King Edward VII Land, made under his direction after Amundsen had left the Bay of Whales for the Pole. Scott's observations of 1902 were corroborated and geological specimens brought back from the heights which he had seen. Lieut. Nilsen writes at length of the voyage of the Fram, including the oceanographical cruise between the South American and African coasts, carried on during June, July, and August, 1911, while Amundsen and the polar party were in their cozy ice-bound quarters on the Ross Barrier, waiting for the winter to break sufficiently to justify the start southward with the sledges. The more scientific side of this cruise is treated in an appendix by Professors Björn Helland-Hansen and Fridtjof Nansen. The astronomical records were placed in the experienced hands of Anton Alexander, who had helped to work out the observations of Nansen's Fram expedition and has since handled the observations of Amundsen's Gjöa expedition and Capt. Isachsen's Spitzbergen expeditions. His conclusion is that Amundsen's "Polheim" must lie south of 89° 57′, and cannot lie south of 89° 59′; and, further, that the two of the party who walked southward four miles from "Polheim" probably passed within a few hundred metres of the actual Pole, and possibly much nearer. As to longitude, when Mr. Alexander states guardedly that the position must have been between 30° 75′ east, the reader's mind is carried back by contrast to those minute determinations of "longitude" which to the well-informed were so fatal to be-

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lief in the validity of Dr. Cook's figures.

For the northward trip which Capt. Amundsen is planning every one will wish him the success which his pluck, good judgment, and experience presage, and safety from the deadly perils against which, as the sad fate of Capt. Scott too forcibly proves, even these can guarantee no certain immunity.

CURRENT FICTION.

Yonder. By E. H. Young. New York: George H. Doran Co.

Here is a writer who has something to say, and can say it with sincerity and with imaginative power. If, as the title-page suggests, "Yonder" is a first novel, it gives promise of great things. It defies classification. In its strange detachment from social backgrounds, and in the directness of its imaginative appeal, it suggests Charlotte Brontë. In its pregnancy of phrase and flashes of insight into character, it recalls Meredith. It conveys a remarkably intimate and vivid sense of outdoor nature, especially of mountains:

> He marched on until the hills drew more closely round him. . . . In the perfection of impulse they swept upwards from the valley, and it was amazing that the dark and stunted yews round the little church, the scattered houses and the grazing cattle should have been allowed to keep the places men had given them, for the curves of the mountain's mysterious sides had the fatality of a wave.

But the characters are not subdued to the natural background; they are not the playthings of fate. Alexander, the child of the mountains, threatened by an evil destiny, but strong enough to conquer it; Edward Webb, the mild little travelling salesman, with the heart of a poet; Theresa, his daughter, with her swift moods and vivid humanity, a girl to dream of; these are only the central figures in a group of real and living men and women.

The one serious weakness of the story is the conclusion: here are signs of crudity and immaturity. But it will be fairer to let the reader judge of that matter for himself.

The Port of Dreams. By Miriam Alexander. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

While the action of this story is definitely assigned to the years 1744-47, the reader is not asked to march with Bonnie Prince Charlie from Edinburgh to Culloden, or otherwise to participate in the more decisive events of '45. Instead he is acquainted with certain Irish Jacobites in their efforts to secure to the depleted Stuart exchequer a diamond necklace of fabulous value. The casket containing this wondrous "bauble" has washed up on the Galway coast, a century and a half after it had gone down with a galleon of the Spanish Armada. From the moment of its discovery until its final inexplicable disappearance, its custodianship entails endless alarms and dangers. Official pursuit in Ireland, private intrigue in France, are equally unremitting. The chief sufferer on this account is a gentleman who, having grown gray in King James's service—a champion revered by the Pretender's young adherents and a shining mark for Hanoverian arrows—late in life, finds himself grievously embarrassed by the loss of his courage. An all but successful attempt at assassination, followed by an uncommonly painful recovery, had left John Clavering permanently incapacitated for facing sword play or the crack of firearms. From the disgrace of this singular mischance he is protected by the chivalry of his young comrade-in-arms, Denis O'Gara. This Irish Don Quixote surrenders to the disabled hero his own reputation for bravery, together with the hope of winning a certain fair lady to whom the Cause is more than any mere suitor, and finally goes to the scaffold in his stead, lest the public display of Clavering's weakness should shame them all.

Such a psychological complication as Clavering's incapacity introduces consorts rather oddly with the atmosphere and style of adventure prescribed by tradition for the Jacobite romance. The plot, glimmering and inconsecutive in its total impression, manages to include hairbreadth escapes and stately gallantries in about equal proportions. It even introduces as the young Pretender a puppet-like presence credited with much wanton perverseness and ingratitude behind the scenes. Better than the narrative one enjoys bits of Irish landscape rather poetically described, and the occasional passages in which the author turns from her story to plead the misfortunes and sing the general praises of the gallant Irish gentlemen of the eighteenth century.

The Dragoman. By George K. Stiles. New York: Harper & Bros.

Randall, Englishman and Egyptologist; Hilken, American dealer in second-hand rifles; Elizabeth, his daughter; Major Talbot, of the Upper Nile; Zanda Pasha, villanous Turk; a supposed dragoman, really a prince and "Mollah of Konia"; a dancing girl: these are the chief persons in this (we gather) thrilling romance. Randall is young, and even more handsome than learned. He has spent much time in native disguise, learning the manners and the tongues of Egypt and Islam. He has made the three pilgrimages of the faithful, and is initiate in the innermost mysteries of the Moslem cult. This is just as well, considering what Mr. Stiles expects of him. For he not only has to kill the Mollah of Konia, to embalm him, in the cabin of a Nile steamer, and to stow him away in a mummy-case which happens to be at hand: given an enemy and a mummy-case, this is what any spirited young Egyptologist might do. Randall's real feat is in impersonating the Mollah, the expected deliverer of Islam, putting himself at the head of the plot against British rule, and only disclosing his identity at the moment which is most convenient for Mr. Stiles. The Nile steamer in which the Mollah becomes a mummy is carrying rifles into the Blue Nile country, ostensibly for Abyssinia, but really for the followers of the Mollah. Randall is aboard not only on England's account, but on beautiful Elizabeth Hilken's. They make a sensational delivery of small-arms through the falls of the Blue Nile. There the faithful, with Zanda Pasha, the villanous Turk, await them. When we note that the Turk covets Elizabeth, that she loves Randall, and that Randall loves both Elizabeth and the dancing girl, it will be perceived that heart-interest is not stinted. However, a plague is introduced to kill off superfluous people, including the fatuous Hilken and the dancing girl, and Randall is free to rescue the other maiden of his heart. The eventual discovery that the man she loves is not a dragoman, or even a prince of Asiatic blood, but a fine young Englishman and budding Governor of Upper Egypt, is pleasant for Elizabeth.

Dew and Mildew: Semi-detached Stories from Karabad, India. By Percival Christopher Wren. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

The author of these striking stories evidently is, or has been, connected with the British department of education in India. A fly-leaf credits him with several books on teaching in India, but the evidence is hardly needed. Throughout the tales which make up this volume runs a vein of comment on Indian school methods. The hero of the book, so far as it has one, is the English master of a school for natives in Karabad; and the villain is an ignorant M.P. who has come to India to make trouble, in the schools and elsewhere. This unspeakable person the author, in the end, joyfully hoists with his own petard—hoists not only out of India, but out of life altogether, to the great content of the reader. To the schoolmaster is awarded that grand prize of the Anglo-Indian, a legacy enabling him to turn his face towards Home.

But apart from this contrasted pair and the events and interests which concern them, an altogether distinct motive runs through these tales—two of them, in fact. One may call them the Phantom 'Rickshaw motive and the Wee Willie Winkie motive, without meaning to

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imply that they have been lifted from Kipling. The clash of skeptical Occident with ghostly Orient, and the pathetic figure of the English child in unnatural and unwholesome surroundings, are themes which belong to all Anglo-Indian literature. They are effectively mingled here. Behind the happy activities of the members of the "Junior Curlton Club" of Karabad lies the waiting shadow of an Eastern curse which we know is not to be balked of its innocent victim. The scene of the ghostly action is known as "Sudden-Death Lodge." Under a certain pipal tree in Karabad an old fakir has sat and worshipped after his fashion for fifty years. A rich native dislodges him, uproots the tree, and builds a fine house on the spot. The fakir dies, cursing the house and all who may dwell in it. A series of fatalities follows, which the chronicler does not profess to explain—"Coincidence, no doubt: but coincidences are many—east of Suez." Sudden-Death Lodge changes hands many times; there is always some person, bold, or careless, or simply skeptical, to find advantage in its absurdly small rental—and, sooner or later, to pay the penalty. The grim, matter-of-fact manner of the story-teller intensifies the grewsomeness of his tale, which is fashioned for those who have hairs to stand and flesh to creep.

A GERMAN IN AMERICA.

Amerika—heute und morgen: Reiseerlebnisse von Arthur Holitscher. Berlin: S. Fischer & Co.

Some years ago the late Von Polenz visited America in a quiet, unheralded way and gave us a dignified and impartial account of American conditions and problems, in the volume entitled "Das Land der Zukunft." And now another German poet, going about his work in much the same way, has produced a notable book. The writing is delightfully unconventional and direct. The author is enthusiastic about the general spirit and atmosphere of the American democracy, but is indignant over practices and institutions which flatly contradict the original ideals of that democracy.

Among the cursory notes jotted down after his arrival in New York during the hot spell of the summer of 1911, is a protest against skyscrapers, against billboards and electrical signs. He resents having a cocoa-drinking baby of colossal proportions, the latest pugilistic sensation, or other equally elated images thrust at him from the sky. Deciding to forget all æsthetic standards for a while, he wisely reserves his opinion of New York until he can make its acquaintance at a more propitious season, and starts upon a round of visits. The first is to the George Junior Republic in Freeville, in whose founder he recognizes a noble American type, briefly characterizing him as "the right man to cherish a great sentiment in his heart and to realize it through an idea." He spends an afternoon at East Aurora, fails to find the founder of the famous Roycroft Shop, whose portrait, as he has known it from the magazines and bill-boards, struck him as a type, half-monk, half-Montmartrois, and decides that the enterprise itself combines the features of Angelico with those of Barnum.

Most surprising is Holitscher's account of Chautauqua. He attends an Old First Night in the great amphitheatre, and the eight thousand men and women who have come from all parts of the country to this great democratic summer college convey to him the meaning of Walt Whitman's pet phrase, "en masse." He is astonished at the quality of the lectures and the standing of the lecturers, and arrives at the conclusion that the work of Chautauqua, if thoroughly investigated, would be found to be doing something for the future which was not originally in the programme. In the porter and the liftman of the Athenæum Hotel, both college men, he welcomes a type exclusively limited to America and utterly impossible in Europe: the student working his way through the university.

Kansas City gave him the first unpleasant shock. A car-ride through the delta of the Blue River, with its sordid shanties, revealed to him features of that prosperous city with which the then uncompleted Child Welfare Exhibition did not reconcile him. He failed to find in it practical object-lessons on the horrors of child labor—a conclusion which was perhaps premature, though it did not detract from the humiliating truth of his remarks on the subject with which he is amazingly familiar.

Chicago, "the city of world-famous warehouses, stock-yards, wheat elevators, and brothels," is to Holitscher "the most horrible place on this globe." He briefly suggests its material and spiritual atmosphere: "Through one nostril you inhale coal dust, through the other the fumes of boiling glue. They combine into a paste which settles on the cerebral membranes, and lo! the Chicago conscience has come into existence." A visit to the stock-yards brings the author face to face with conditions of labor for which there is no parallel in any other country in the world, the age-limit, the artificial stimulation of individual energy, and other features, which fill him with horror at the inhuman exploitation and premature exhaustion of human vitality going on in the industrial life of this country. His condemnation of what he calls the "Taylor System" is likely to be largely quoted in the German press. The impressions are somewhat relieved by a visit to the parks, with their playgrounds, swimming-pools, gymnasiums, libraries, etc., which he is surprised to hear are open to everybody without the least formality. Hull House, however, leaves him in a somewhat skeptical attitude. Eliminating the personality of Miss Addams, he regards that enterprise as but a plaster upon a festering sore of the social organism. That the indirect social work done in and through that institution has called attention to urgent social reforms of a more radical nature seems to have escaped Holitscher's otherwise penetrative insight.

Among foreign writers on America this German author is probably the first to give unqualified praise to the American school-marm. He compares these women who bring so much "warmth, kindness, and beauty into the schoolroom" with the "horde of arrogant tyrants and self-righteous fools" who robbed him of his childhood. He sees only good in the far-reaching influence which education by women and co-education must have upon the American youth. "In the simplest manner the American boy learns to understand the word equality, for where should equality begin unless it be in the establishment of the same legal status for the two sexes of mankind?"

On the author's return to New York the skyscrapers no longer fill him with the horror they at first inspired—he begins to understand the reason for their being. This part of the book contains a very conscientious and judicious survey of the immigration problem on Ellis Island. While other foreign authors have nothing but severe censure for it, Holitscher judges it with comparative mildness. In spite of the human tragedies he witnessed at detention quarters, he gives the immigrant commission the benefit of the doubt. He admits that it is doing the best within its power, but thinks it should be recruited from men specially trained for their responsible duties. He seems likewise to have looked deeply into the color problem, which is interesting European countries. His acquaintance with intelligent negroes in New York has convinced him that this question is bound to be a menace to the democracy.

The Vaunt of Men, and Other Poems. By William Ellery Leonard. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.25 net.

Mr. Leonard has chosen a fitting title. Though taken from the first poem, it applies equally to almost the whole volume, through which run the boast and flourish of youth, a confidence in the insuperable power of the vision seen and held. When an editor failed to appreciate his proffered work

> As one reared
> Among the mountains, conscious of mine own,
> I bowed and went my ways without a word.

Possessed of an "inviolate will and fiery

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dreams," he defies the world either to confute or harm him:

And I have that within me which shall build
Even from the fragments of dead hopes a house
Where I may dwell as I grow more a god.

Few will deny the gusto and eloquence with which Mr. Leonard asserts the valiancy of his message. Yet, except in a vague way, what the message means, even to the author, it is impossible to say. It would not be necessary to treat a small volume of verse so formally save for the fact that Mr. Leonard himself forces the issue. He pleads for the efficacy of the spiritual life, of dreams and ideals. But how shall one proceed?

fare
Out to blue ocean and the sun-bright air!
Hark! the deep voice: "Exult ye, and aspire!
As some god's festival on holy ground
Ye shall approach my universe afar,
Naked and swift as heroes, from all climes;
Thus ye shall fill an epos with new sound,
Thus ye shall yield new names from many a star,
And thus ye shall date the aftertimes."

Since the days of the Romanticists we recall no such insistent note upon primitive nature as a cure-all. The number of times which the word "primæval" occurs in the volume is in itself significant. The author is full of cosmic stirrings. One poem of considerable length is devoted to "Primordial Earth," which attempts in Miltonic fashion to visualize the creation of the world. As a *tour de force* it is excellent.

In certain instances such bigness of treatment eminently befits the theme chosen, and here Mr. Leonard's imagination does not falter. This is true of "New York in Sunset":

The island city of dominion stands,
Crowned with all turrets, o'er the water's crest,
Throned, like the bright Cybéle of the West,
And hailed with cymbals in a million hands
Around her; yet serenely she commands
The inland vision and the ocean quest,
The new-born mistress of the world's unrest,
The beauty and the terror of the lands.

She sees the fields of harvest sown for her,
And sees the fortress set beside her gate,
Her hosts, her ships, she sees through storm and fire;
And hers all gifts of gold and spice and myrrh,
And hers all hopes, all hills and shores of fate,
And hers the fame of Babylon and Tyre.

So, too, in "The Phantom Skater" he has caught the sweep and elusiveness of a shadow, and for the "man-bird" he was a predestined singer. But much of his poetry suffers from a quality which he himself simply and admirably describes:

I feel me near to some High Thing
That earth awaits from me,
But cannot find in all my journeying
What it may be.

If there is some courting of the grandiose mood in Mr. Leonard's work, his style is often direct, even colloquial. "What makes us wander?" is the informal beginning of a subtle poem. Time and again a charming vista, full of life and color and familiar to all, is called up by a single line. His outlook constantly is poetic and there is volume in the note he strikes. His verse shows variety and well-managed ingenuity. This is only another way of saying that he is well equipped to do significant work when once his aim and purpose gain sharpness. To judge by the few examples of light verse given, he might do well to devote more time to that species. He might properly forget for the nonce that he is more than a gay rhymer—for the reason that his little elf of the woods, so prettily drawn, will carry more conviction than can his undirected striving for oneness with the infinite.

The Heroic Age. By H. Munro Chadwick. Cambridge University Press. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4 net.

This book must arrest the attention of students alike of Greek and of Teutonic life and literature. Opinions will differ as to some of the conclusions reached, and, more especially, as to the emphasis laid upon certain contributory factors which may seem to apply equally well to the genesis of other literary phenomena. But this is a question of detail. Mr. Chadwick's comparative method amply justifies itself as a working hypothesis. Unfettered by *a priori* and conventional claims, drawn from chronologic sequence, he examines the actual antecedents and environment of the Heroic Age in Greece, about 1000 B. C., and also the sources of Teutonic poetry in the third to the sixth centuries of our era, with their stratification in subsequent centuries. He asserts that sufficiently similar conditions produced, with no suspicion of imitation, strikingly similar results. Passing over another millennium, Mr. Chadwick finds in Servian poetry, celebrating the battle of Kossovo, 1389 A. D., good grounds for speaking of a Slavonic Heroic Age, although he disclaims a thoroughgoing acquaintance with Slavonic literature. Other Heroic Ages, notably the Celtic, are suggested until an heroic vault seems to be arched overhead, sown with fixed stars apparently equidistant from the spectator. They are projected on a common background and, for the moment, we are concerned only with the angle converging at our point of observation. Mere chronologic sequence, in other words, is obliterated, and justly, if the writer has succeeded in making good his contentions. In chapter v, on Early Poetry and Minstrelsy, is contained the author's specific thesis. He would divide the history of heroic poetry into four stages:

To Stage I belong the court-poems of the Heroic Age itself; to Stage II the epic and narrative poems based on these; to Stage III the popular poetry of the eighth and following centuries; to Stage IV the German poems of the twelfth and following centuries, composed at a time when heroic subjects had again come into favor with the higher classes.

Brief criticism or illustration would be unfair. Much of the application throughout the book is suggestive and valuable. Some of it is new. Only occasionally, in the Homeric section, does the reader have an uneasy sense of a juggling with Procrustean formulæ. Here, while the author occasionally magnifies coincidences and minimizes divergences in the pursuit of illustrations, he shows continually an intimate acquaintance with Homer and Homeric questions. As quarry for the poems he assigns the Greek Heroic Age to the eleventh century B. C., and takes into due consideration the data gleaned from the Cretan and so-called "Mycenæan" yields. He might perhaps have reinforced more clearly a claim for independent prehistoric civilization from the north, if he could have seen the volume, since published, "Prehistoric Thessaly" (Wace & Thompson). He finds between the eleventh and ninth centuries leeway enough (though less than in the corresponding period in the Teutonic Age) for the application of his formulæ, and concludes that the Homeric poems, as composed, belong to Stage II and reflect the age of the kings as epics based on the court poems of the Heroic Age itself. The various anachronisms, linguistic and other, he disposes of in no more arbitrary fashion than is customary to surgeons operating upon the Homeric corpus. In treating the Æolic element he argues that the poems could not have been wholly written down and transmitted in Æolic, but were first adapted to the literary Ionic (made current by Archilochus) of Eubœa and the Cyclades. His description of the language of the Epics as "practically identical" with that of Solon's poems, seems somewhat unguarded, even with the Æolic elements left out. The "type" and much of the subject-matter of the Homeric poems, Mr. Chadwick concludes, must have been fixed by the tenth century, and they contained elements of still greater antiquity, but he refuses to believe that these earlier and later "elements" (not "portions"—he wisely differentiates) are separated by any wide interval. Continuing the examination of the Homeric with the Teutonic poetry, he feels able to draw many similar inferences. Many of these are of real interest and importance. In the chapter on Myth in the Homeric Poems especial attention may be called to his

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maps (p. 288), illustrating the Catalogue of the Ships and the distribution of dialects. From these he argues ingeniously that virtually all of the chief personages of the Iliad represented the Achæan branch or, at any rate, the West Greek dialects.

In his résumé (chap. xv) of the points of resemblance between the two Heroic Ages, Mr. Chadwick occasionally emphasizes traits which might be claimed for other poetry. But many comparisons are suggestive; for instance, that for a modern analogy to the stories of Sigurd or Achilles we should turn to a romance or novel; whereas for those of Offa or Lycurgos analogy would be sought in the biography of a statesman. His point also seems well taken that the comparisons ordinarily made between Homer and a literary poem like the Æneid are not so illuminating as the comparison between the Homeric Age and similar conditions, such as those in the Teutonic. Homer, for example, emphasizes the personal motif as distinguished from the national. A change may be noted as early as the Spartan "Marseillaise" of Tyrtæus, and clearly in the national patriotism of the Æneid.

For the book as a whole, and for most of the details, students of literature have good reason to be grateful. But we feel bound in closing to protest against the implication contained in the concluding paragraph of the book. Mr. Chadwick has previously (p. 439) observed that "the real problem presented by the Homeric poems is one not of literature, but of anthropology." But even this hardly prepares us, so far as Homer is concerned, for his conclusion of the whole matter:

> It is [he says, p. 463, the italics are ours] not reasonable to regard the Anglo-Saxon poems, much less the Homeric poems, as products of barbarism. . . . The pictures presented to us are those of persons by no means ignorant of the pleasures and even the refinements of civilized life, yet dominated by the pride and passions which spring from an entirely reckless individualism and untrained by experience to exercise moderation. According to the view put forward above, the explanation of such features is to be found *not so much in any peculiarly fertile gift of the imagination* by which the conventional court poetry of these periods was inspired, but rather in the circumstances of the times and in the character of the courts which produced that poetry.

If it is here really implied that we are to content ourselves with so mechanical a conception of the genesis of great poetry, lovers of Homer at least will hardly acquiesce. The Iliad and Odyssey, with their entail to uncounted beneficiaries, cannot be ascribed to anything less vital than catholic imagination. Without it no facile stilus or rhapsodist could have responded successfully to the mere impacts of court life and circumstance. In the scientific jargon of to-day, we seem to have here eugenics displaced by the new-born etymological bastard "euthenics."

Notes

Houghton Mifflin Company announces the following publications for March 8: "The Candid Adventurer," by Anna Coleman Ladd; "Stephen March's Way," by Harry Herbert Knibbs; "Sinopah, the Indian Boy," by James Willard Schultz; "The Drift of Romanticism," by Paul Elmer More; "The Old Law and the New Order," by George W. Alger, and "The Making of Modern England," by Gilbert Slater.

Two interesting titles are announced by Fifield of London—"Henrik Ibsen: Poet, Mystic, and Moralist," by Henry Rose, and a new edition of Samuel Butler's "Alps and Sanctuaries of Piedmont and the Canton Ticino." The latter book will have the author's final revisions, besides illustrations, and annotations by the editor, R. A. Streatfeild.

"Out of the Blue" is a story of a man and a girl and a desert island, by R. Gorell Barnes; it will be published shortly by Longmans, Green & Company.

The Century Company is bringing out this month: "The Woman in Black," a mystery story by E. C. Bentley; "Finerty of the Sand-House," by Charles D. Stewart, and "The American Spirit," by Oscar S. Straus.

W. Trafford Taunton's "The Night Dancer" is in preparation by Dana Estes & Company.

Francis Grierson's "The Invisible Alliance and Other Essays, Political, Social, and Literary," originally announced as "The New Era," will be issued by John Lane Company at an early date.

The spring list of the John C. Winston Company includes: "Written in the Sand," a novel by Madame Raoul Duval; "The Reluctant Lover," by Stephen McKenna; "The Mystery of 31, New Inn," by R. Austin Freeman; "Monarchs and Men," by Maximilian Harden, editor of *Zukunft*, in an English translation, and "Foreordained, with Other Stories," by Everhardt Armstrong.

Among the announcements of Cassell & Co. are "Social Environment and Moral Progress," by Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, and "Panama, and What it Means," by John Foster Fraser.

The following volumes are included in the list of spring fiction announced by L. C. Page & Co.: "The Hill of Venus," by Nathan Gallizier; "Pollyanna," by Eleanor H. Porter; "The What-Shall-I-Do Girl," by Isabel Woodman Waitt; "The Harbor Master," by Theodore Goodridge Roberts; "The Career of Dr. Weaver," by Mrs. Henry Backus, and "At the Sign of the Town Pump," by Helen M. Winslow.

Books announced for early publication by Putnams include: "The Knave of Diamonds," a new novel by Ethel M. Dell; "The Old-Fashioned Woman, Primitive Fancies about the Sex," by Elsie Clews Parsons; "Rahel Varnhagen," by Ellen Key; "The Panama Canal Conflict," by L. Oppenheim, and "The Pronunciation of English in Scotland," a Cambridge book by William Grant.

We have received from Prof. I. Gollancz, secretary of the British Academy, an announcement of the next International Congress of Historical Studies, which will be held, under the auspices of the British Academy in coöperation with British universities and learned societies, April 3-9, in London. A preliminary scheme of the sections of the Congress has been determined as follows: I. Oriental history, including Egyptology. II. Greek and Roman history, and Byzantine history. III. Mediæval history. IV. Modern history, and history of colonies and dependencies, including naval and military history. V. Religious and ecclesiastical history. VI. Legal and economic history. VII. History of mediæval and modern civilization. VIII. Archæology, with prehistoric studies and ancient art. IX. Related and auxiliary sciences. Proposals in respect to reading papers should be addressed as soon as possible to the secretary for papers—the Rev. Prof. J. P. Whitney, of Well Walk, Hampstead Heath, London.

The United States Lighthouse Service is described in the *National Geographic Magazine* for January by Mr. George R. Putnam, Commissioner of Lighthouses. Not only present conditions of the lights and other aids to navigation along 46,828 miles of coastline and river channels are treated, but virtually a history of the service is given, from the building of the old Boston Light, the first in North America. In an account of a recent journey to Aleppo, Mr. John D. Whiting dwells especially on the wonderful ruins of Baalbek, which have been cleared and excavated by a German expedition headed by Professor Puchstein. There is also a full report of the addresses at the annual banquet of the National Geographic Society (which now has 170,000 members), at which special honors were paid to Admiral Peary and Roald Amundsen, to the latter of whom was awarded a special gold medal for his discovery of the South Pole. Ambassador Bryce made a most interesting address in which, referring to Prof. Hiram Bingham's work in South America, he said: "He has cleared up some very long-standing and difficult problems in primitive Peruvian history . . . and has secured a mass of archæological material." The number contains 114 illustrations, some of great merit.

As a kind of supplement to "The Oxford Book of English Verse," we have now from Arthur Quiller-Couch "The Oxford Book of Victorian Verse" (Frowde), which, beginning with Landor, goes anthologizing down the century among dead and living poets even to our own day. It is a fat little volume of some thousand pages, but well printed on good paper. As the reader turns the pages, he will meet with many a poem he is surprised and glad to find in this select, but not snobbish, company—for instance, the beautiful but seldom-praised ballad of Barham's beginning "As I laye a-thynkynge." But it must be added that the book shows some curious inadvertences or failures of taste. A few of the older American poets are included, and, among these, the selection from Emerson is ad-

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mirable and characteristic, but Longfellow is by no means shown at his best. An American might feel, also, that, having opened the door to these names, the editor, when he came to the writers of the present hour, might have found a number of pieces from this side of the water which are of better stuff than some very feeble specimens of British growth. And in the case of a few of the more modern Britons the principle of choice seems hard to understand. Why, for instance, was "The Hound of Heaven" omitted from the selection of Francis Thompson? The book is not impeccable from any canon of taste.

A better subject for a biography could scarcely be taken than "John Forster and His Friendships"; not only was Forster a man of interesting personality, wide intellectual attainments, and sturdy independence, but his friendships, beginning with Dickens, of whom he wrote the standard life, included most of the notable men of the age. It is with regret, therefore, that one is obliged to say that the book under this title, written by Richard Renton and published in this country by Scribners, totally misses its opportunities. It is diffuse without being sprightly, confused in composition, and careless in style. The biographical writing now produced in England is, with occasional exceptions, in the hands of deplorably incompetent writers, and the present volume is not an exception.

As might be expected, it is the disciplined qualities of the soldier which stand out in the picture of "Nogi" (Holt) drawn by Stanley Washburn, who was attached to his army as correspondent in the late war. Of Nogi's supreme devotion to duty the world knows, how with total forgetfulness of family ties he ordered his son to almost certain death at Port Arthur. Even his wife, it appears, received only official communications from him. When Mr. Washburn sent to the Baroness a remarkably good photograph of the General on the white horse presented to him at the fall of Port Arthur by Gen. Stoessel, she said:

> This is the first direct personal touch that has come from my dear husband since the war started. When he parted with me to go to the "front" months and months ago, he said that as a husband he would be dead to me until the war was successfully terminated, and that I would not hear from him before then, nor should I write him, for his life, his time, his thoughts belonged utterly to his sovereign and to his country; that there must be naught of personality to come between.

A remarkable example of Nogi's self-mastery in trying situations, of his inscrutability, was furnished one afternoon in May, 1905, when the war correspondents had dropped in for a chat with him. For nearly three-quarters of an hour they sipped tea and exchanged pleasantries. "Finally his face grew thoughtful, and he suddenly volunteered, with a deprecating little smile and a gesture half of regret and half of apology, 'You must excuse me now, for I am somewhat busy this afternoon, for the Russians under Mischenko are making a raid to cut off our communications.'" Considering the fact that the attempt was almost successful and that Nogi must have realized its seriousness, his display of stoicism was extraordinary. Yet he did not wholly conceal his human sympathies. He was fond of entering into the informal celebrations of the correspondents, and when he drank to the victory over the Baltic fleet, he remembered touchingly the reverses of the enemy. Withal, he appears to have cherished a great sorrow, though in an entirely undemonstrative way. Summer nights he used to sit on the roof of his cabin quite alone. Like other great men, Gen. Nogi had a weakness. It seems that he took the poetry he wrote very seriously. He would talk for hours with the correspondent of the London *Times*, who translated some of it into English metres.

The Tolstoy Museum, which has charge of Tolstoy's literary remains, has promised to publish in one of the Russian magazines during the current year a vast correspondence between Tolstoy and N. N. Strachov, which comprises two hundred and sixty-eight letters, extending over a quarter of a century (1870-1894). Nicholas N. Strachov, born the same year as Tolstoy (died 1896), was the son of a high priest, studied mathematics and natural sciences in St. Petersburg, and intended to become a professor of zoölogy, when his innate love of journalism forced him to give up his pedagogical plans and devote himself to critical work. Though in possession of wide erudition, enthusiastic love of literature, coupled with an æsthetically developed critical faculty, he never became a great critic, because he never allied himself to any school of thought. He was always shifting his point of view, never holding to one opinion, lacking straightforwardness and clearness. He always took care not to make any practical inferences from the theories he advocated. He tried to keep away from the joys and sorrows of actual life, and only a little while before his death admitted in his letters to Tolstoy how sorry he was that he had missed the real life while sitting in his study. Tolstoy was almost in love with Strachov. He was jealous when the latter delayed his correspondence; he continually demanded letters from Strachov. For example, he writes on November 16, 1880: "Do not write for magazines, and do not speak to anybody; only write to me and speak to me; that is what I should like to tell you." He yearned for "long, circumstantial letters"; he felt "lonesome" without them. "Whenever I wake up my first desire is to communicate with you," he writes to Strachov on November 23, 1878. Their correspondence touched on all the topics of the day, but was chiefly concerned with the problems of literature, philosophy, and religion, which were so important to Tolstoy. He was so fond of Strachov, because he trusted his critical appreciation and sincerity. Though Tolstoy has many times expressed a dislike of criticism, he repeatedly asked Strachov's criticism while writing "Anna Karenina" and other books. Tolstoy especially valued the correspondence during his spiritual struggle in the eighties. He appointed Strachov his literary executor in his first will, written in his diary on March 27, 1895, in which he says: "The diaries of my bachelor's life I ask you to destroy, not because I wish to conceal from people my wicked life—for my life was the usual gross life of unprincipled young people—but because my diaries, in which I expressed only the torments caused by the consciousness of my sins, produce a mistaken one-sided impression, and . . . No; after all, leave my diaries just as they are. One sees in them at least that in spite of the baseness and wickedness of my youth, I was not forsaken by God, and that at least when I grew older, I began to understand and love Him a bit."

"The Authoritative Life of General William Booth" (Doran), written by Commissioner G. S. Railton, is in many respects a disappointing volume, and one is glad to know from the preface by Gen. Bramwell Booth that it is not to be regarded as the final biography of his father. Commissioner Railton's book is intended primarily for members of the Salvation Army, and is too tractarian in character to command the interest of readers not in active association with that body. It is impossible not to be impressed with the zeal and earnestness of the author, but it is equally impossible, even if one overlooks certain inelegancies of style, not to be conscious that he lacks some of the essential qualities of the biographer. It is perhaps in being true to the principles of the Salvation Army that Commissioner Railton fails to be adequate to his task. Just as the funeral of Mrs. Booth, and afterwards of the late General himself, was seized upon as a heaven-sent opportunity for the dissemination of Salvationist propaganda, so this biography is regarded by its author as an occasion for reviewing the work and aims of the army rather than for presenting a life-like picture of its founder. It would naturally be impossible to separate the man from his work, and William Booth himself would have been the first to urge that the work was so much more than the man as to render the latter insignificant by comparison; but those who are outside the particular field of the Salvation Army, although sympathetic towards its aims, have an intense interest in the personality of the late General as one of the prominent figures of the world in the past half century, and they expect to find in his biography a picture of the man as well as of the inspired leader. This is what Commissioner Railton fails to give.

The sub-title of E. Alexander Powell's "The Last Frontier" (Scribner)—namely, "The White Man's War for Civilization in Africa"—gives an idea of the book's real character. The author was recently a member of the American consular service in Egypt. His American antecedents are evidenced by his comparisons, which are invariably with things and places already more or less well known to his cisatlantic readers. He is possessed of a pungent and vivacious style, and he has proved himself a keen observer. It must be that some of the information was derived from sources not open to the general reader or the casual traveller. In a book which is as fascinating as a novel, Mr. Powell shows much intimate knowledge of some of the countries which go to make up the "Dark Continent," particularly in its northern and eastern parts. Beginning with Morocco, Algiers, and Tunis, and tracing the progress, methods, and effects of the French occupation, the scene shifts to Sahara, and thence to the fields of the Italian venture in North African exploitation. The difficulties of the situation are clearly set forth, and the dim prospects of distant success are indicated. Egypt is passed over rather lightly, but

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Zanzibar and the rest of the East African coast come in for much more detailed treatment. One of the most interesting chapters is called The Spiked Helmet in Africa. It recounts the German methods of extending the interests of the Fatherland beyond seas. The work of Cecil Rhodes in the acquisition of British territory below the equator finds an enthusiastic expounder and a spirited apologist in Mr. Powell. His account of scenes and conditions, and his clear statements of the political situation, reasons, and procedure go far towards making many of the things plain for which an explanation is sought in vain in the periodical press. The book is illustrated with nearly fifty half-tones, most of them good and all characteristic.

The long-delayed story of the Babylonian expedition of the University of Chicago in 1903 is at last being told. The field-director, Dr. E. J. Banks, has done his part well in "Bismya or the Lost City of Adab" (Putnam). Those who have seen in the museum at Constantinople the statue of Da-udu, with its enigmatically benevolent and most modern smile, can here read how it was found, put together, stolen, and found again, and how finally it ruined the expedition which had restored it to upper air and living men. Da-udu—ancientest statue as he is—cannot have been as benevolent and grateful as he looks. There are many other well-told adventures and experiences in Constantinople as well as Babylonia, and they make the book probably the most vivid and illuminating account yet written of all that goes to such an expedition. Plenty of character, too, appears—more than Dr. Banks can have enjoyed at the time—and the technical part is skilfully minimized and simplified. The illustrations are good.

With the publication of the sixth volume of the "Acts of the Privy Council, Colonial," an undertaking of much importance for students of colonial history has been brought to an end with unusual promptness, at the rate of about a volume a year (His Majesty's Stationery Office, London). Almost coincident with it has appeared the second volume, the first on the Public Record Office, of Professor Andrews's "Guide to the Materials in British Archives," relating to American history before 1783. Between these two works there is a certain connection, for the search in the Privy Council Office, conducted in behalf of the first volume of the guide, aroused the Clerk of the Council, Sir Almeric Fitz Roy, to urge upon the British Treasury the desirability of printing or calendaring those portions of the Register that related to the colonies. The value of this publication and the light which it has thrown upon important aspects of English and colonial history have stirred English historians to demand the printing of the remaining portions of the Register, thus continuing Dasent's series of the Acts of the Privy Council, which had been stopped at 1603. During the years devoted to the investigation of the material in the Public Record Office, the authorities there entered upon a thoroughgoing rearrangement of the papers forming the chief objects of the investigation. It is not unlikely that the interest taken by American scholars in these records and the prospective issue of a guide or index to them may have hastened the reclassification already planned. The result has been a reconstitution of all the state-paper groups and of nearly all the departmental groups. In consequence, Professor Andrews's volumes have been held up for four years and largely rewritten, and the volume by Professor Paxson and Dr. Paullin is even now delayed by a renumbering of the Foreign Office volumes.

Another important result deserves notice. The well-known "Calendar of State Papers, America and West Indies," which has been proceeding latterly at the leisurely rate of a volume for a single year of documents, has reached the year 1702. Dissatisfaction has been expressed by both American and English scholars at the slowness of the publication, and in 1911 a statement was presented by Professor Andrews to the Royal Commission on the Public Records, representing the opinion of twelve historical scholars in America, urging a change. Since the issue of the first Report of this Commission last autumn, a Record Office Publication Commission has been appointed with instructions to consider, among other things, the future of the "Calendar of State Papers, America and West Indies." A decision has already been reached not to continue the publication on the present scale; and to combine and coöperate with the Carnegie Institution, as far as the two volumes of the Guide to the Public Record Office are concerned. Whether the work will be continued in the form of a catalogue or index analytique, capable of rapid compilation and issue, or in the form already familiar, but on a briefer scale in order to embrace at least five years to a volume, has not yet been determined. Some English scholars would like to see the existing "Lists and Indexes," particularly of the departmental papers, replaced by adequate summary catalogues, and a decision in this regard is likely to affect the character of other issues by the Public Record Office.

Of the fifteen papers included in Volume IX of the "Papers of the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts" (1912), those of Gen. George H. Gordon on "Major Anderson at Fort Sumter," Col. Alfred P. Rockwell on "The Operations against Charleston," Col. William Lamb and Gen. Adelbert Ames on the defence and capture of Fort Fisher, and Col. William R. Livermore on "The Vicksburg Campaign," are of the widest interest. Gen. Gordon, viewing the political as well as the military elements in the Fort Sumter episode, justifies Anderson in withholding his fire until he was attacked. Had he opened fire on the morning of January 9, 1861, when an unarmed steamer bringing supplies was turned back by the South Carolina battery at Morris Island, he would, in Gen. Gordon's opinion, have inaugurated a war at a moment when he had every reason to believe that the Administration at Washington had determined upon a policy of peace. In "the play of Fort Sumter" as a whole, however, "as composed, mounted, and exhibited by the Administration," he finds "a masterpiece transcending in genius and in originality the worthiest conceptions of Gilbert and Sullivan" (p. 51). The story of the defence of Fort Fisher, as told by Col. Lamb, who conducted it, is a spirited piece of description, embodying, however, a severe but merited criticism of Bragg for his failure to send relief; while Gen. Ames, who led the Federal assault, seeks to apportion justly the honors of the victory. Col. Livermore's practiced hand works to advantage in his straightforward account of the Vicksburg campaign: a campaign "all the more praiseworthy," as he points out, "from a military standpoint, from the fact that the risk was a minimum." As for the operations against Charleston, Col. Rockwell reaches the conclusion that, while early in the war, the city might have been captured if taken by surprise, its possession, save as a base "for a strong movement into the interior," was not specially important from any military standpoint.

South American history has received so much attention since the first appearance of Charles Edmond Akers's "History of South America: 1854-1904" (Dutton), more than eight years ago, that the second edition, which has just appeared, finds itself confronted by a large shelf full of competitors. The first edition, reviewed in these columns on December 29, 1904, was at the time warmly welcomed, for it was virtually alone in its field. It is a pity that Mr. Akers did not take advantage of the present opportunity to recast the book and rewrite that generation of South American history which he knows better than almost any one else. To have been content with merely adding to his journalistic "history" a new chapter of 22 pages, "bringing up to date the political and economic conditions" since the first edition, was not enough. The title leads one to suppose that this is a history of fifty years. As a matter of fact, the work is a detailed account, by an eye-witness, of the most striking passages in an interesting period embracing about twenty-five years of revolutionary and international events, with very brief introductory remarks on South American history down to Mr. Akers's arrival. Mr. Akers has a brilliant memory, so biographically encyclopædic, in fact, that his full pages are the despair of the beginner. Scores of soldiers and politicians are mentioned once or twice, only to be quickly discarded as the kaleidoscopic history of the effervescent republics unfolds itself. To the advanced student, on the other hand, the book will continue to take high rank. In no other book do the details of the Paraguayan War of 1865-1870, the Chili-Peruvian War of 1879-1883, and the naval revolution in Brazil, 1891-1894, receive such elaborate treatment. The work of a skilful journalist who resided for fourteen years in South America, as correspondent of the London *Times*, the volume would much better have been called by some other name. And surely, in an expensive book of this kind (for which the publishers expect to receive $6 net), the misleading design on the cover, where the *Mexican* coat-of-arms proudly adorns the "History of South America," might have been corrected.

The index of economic material in documents of the State of Ohio, 1787-1904, compiled by Miss Adelaide R. Hasse and published by the Carnegie Institution of Washington, fills two ponderous volumes of more than eleven hundred pages, and this despite the fact that it does not embrace Constitutions, laws, legislative proceedings, or

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court decisions. It lists all entries in printed reports of administrative officers, legislative committees, and special commissions of the States, with Governors' messages for the period since 1789. It also adds volume and page references to all material of economic importance contained in these documents, with the single exception of certain reports already indexed by the late Carroll D. Wright, when United States Commissioner of Labor, and published in 1902. The arrangement is alphabetical by topics, and within the topical groups it is chronological, with numerous cross-references. The topical headings are uniform in all the volumes, of which ten, devoted to an equal number of States, have already been issued, though new features have been introduced into the present issue. Among these new features, many of which will be incorporated in future numbers, are the references to topics from locality and the names of persons who have exercised an important influence on the development of the economic life of the State. There can be no doubt of the value of these innovations. The work as a whole is monumental in scope and has been carried forward under manifold difficulties, easily appreciated by any one familiar with enterprises of this character. When complete, it will furnish an index to the economic material in the reports and Governors' messages of all the States of the Union.

Science

An account of the Abor expedition on the northeastern frontier of India is given by Mr. A. Bentinck in the *Geographical Journal* for February. He did not refer to the great geographical problem of that region, whether the Tsang-po of Tibet and the Brahmaputra of India are the same river, but in the discussion following the reading of the paper before the Royal Geographical Society strong reasons were given for believing that the problem is still unsolved. Dr. Felix Oswald tells of explorations in the Nyanza Province of British East Africa, his aim being to examine the deposits in which had been found a fragment of a Dinotherium and some other fossils. It is interesting to note that in one place near the lake shore he found an American Mission of Seventh Day Adventists. The influence of the geographical features of Missouri on its growth in population and industries is shown, with the aid of nineteen diagrams, by Mr. F. V. Emerson, of the University of Missouri.

The human relations of geography furnish the topic of a suggestive article, by Prof. Jean Brunhes, of the College of France, in the *Annales de Géographie* for January. His aim is to show how history is explained by geography, how geography transforms itself into history, and to what degree and in what ways men are geographical factors. He supports his theories mainly by the study of Bosnia-Herzegovina, but also by illustrative facts drawn from all parts of the world. "One of the best trails indicated by nature for human circulation is the *transportation belt* which goes from New York to Lake Erie." Other subjects treated are the Sanjak of Novi-Bazar, the floods of the Niger, and the cotton industry of Alsace. The valuable bibliography of the geographical literature of 1911, which constitutes the number of the *Annales* for September, has just been issued. It is of exactly the same size as that of the previous year.

Petermann's Mitteilungen for January opens with a sketch of the decline of the Turkish power in Europe, by Prof. N. Jorga, of the University of Bucharest, accompanied by eight colored maps showing the boundaries from the seventeenth century to the present time. Among the other maps is one giving in thirteen different colors the distribution of the population of Europe by the square kilometre, with explanatory text by Dr. L. Weise, and two showing the boundaries of the French and Spanish zones in Morocco according to the agreement reached November 27, 1912. The military department contains a description from the strategic point of view of the Bulgarian-Rumanian theatre of war.

The sixty-seventh annual report of the director of Harvard College Observatory notes the retirement of Prof. Arthur Searle, after an effective service of forty-three years; also the untimely death of Prof. Lawrence Rotch, whose investigations of the laws of the atmosphere by means of kites and balloons have done much to rescue meteorology from the mere routine of observation, and impart the substance of a living science. The Blue Hill Observatory, of which he was founder and director, is continued by Mrs. Rotch until its formal transfer to Harvard. Observations with the fifteen-inch equatorial were continued by the late Prof. O. C. Wendell, above 9,000 photometric comparisons forming the chief work of this instrument, though the brightness of the nucleus of Brooks's comet and eclipses of Jupiter's satellites were investigated. The Henry Draper Memorial telescopes have now taken more than 56,000 photographs in all. In place of the late Mrs. Fleming, Miss Cannon has been appointed curator of astronomical photographs, and she is engaged on one of the largest works undertaken by the Observatory, a revision of the Draper Catalogue, to include the type of spectrum, with the photometric and photographic magnitude of more than 100,000 stars distributed over the entire sky. At the Arequipa station, in Peru, both the Boyden and Bache telescopes, as well as the twenty-four-inch Bruce telescope, are actively employed in photographing the Southern sky. Above 8,000 observations of variable stars have been procured through the coöperation of a large number of institutions and private observatories, among them Vassar and Mount Holyoke, with Amherst leading. The Harvard photographic charts provide a sequence of comparison stars on a uniform scale which renders this work of especial value. The larger Metcalf telescope has been used in fixing the position of the moon photographically.

A book on the "Himalayan States," which is the outcome of two official missions and fifteen years of exploration and residence, is sure to be useful and interesting, not only because Rudyard Kipling and the Durbar have prepared our curiosity, but for impending events along the entire frontier of British India in the reconstruction of the Chinese Empire. Charles-Eudes Bonin, the author of "Les Royaumes des Neiges" (Armand Colin), has been careful to supplement his own knowledge from the published work of others up to 1911; and his bibliographical lists are themselves of some value. He takes in succession—the Northwest frontier of India; the conquest of Little Tibet; unknown Bhutan; the jungle of Assam; the "Popess" of Lamas, and their slayer. By way of appendix, he explains the routes of Central Asia; the sources of the Ganges; the Mosso people of Eastern Tibet, whom he visited in their capital, which is a centre of Chinese commerce; and the ten ethnographic paintings of Li Long-Mien, who left these precious indications of the peoples known to Chinese commerce in our eleventh century. Thus, little by little, the independent progress of the other half of the world, which has at last come face to face with our own, enters into our historical consciousness. It was needed to complete our somewhat narrow geography, concealing from us the real extent of Humanity in the past. "Too easily do we judge Asia impassive and unchangeable—for it ceases not its agitation and effervescence and ebullition."

There should be a place in our college curricula for an elementary course in science in which the laws of nature are discussed in a general way; for this purpose, physics is the best fitted of all the sciences. We commonly teach each science as if the students expected to be specialists in that subject. The fact is just the contrary; most educated men wish to know the scientific method in its broad aspects, to learn how scientific laws express natural phenomena, and to understand what is going on about them. To meet this need, Prof. Daniel W. Hering has prepared his text-book, "The Essentials of Physics" (Van Nostrand). His treatment, on the whole, is good. The fundamental ideas of the science are given broadly, and a selection of important and of well-established phenomena and laws has been made. It will repay teachers of physics to examine the book, even if it be not suited for the more specialized courses they are giving.

"Elements and Electrons," by Sir William Ramsay, a recent addition to Harper's Library of Living Thought, is rather disappointing. While the separate chapters are well developed, there is a lack of continuity in the book as a whole. The Library is designed to keep the educated man abreast with modern thought; it is doubtful if such readers will profit much from the dry and complicated survey of experiments and formulæ which the author presents. As for the speculative portion, there is so much that is fascinating in the modern theories of matter and electricity that it was a pity to put the final emphasis on the transmutation of the elements, a question which has hardly been considered seriously by physicists.

Dr. Philip Hanson Hiss, jr., professor of bacteriology in the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Columbia University, died on Thursday of last week. He had been ill a year. Although Dr. Hiss was only forty-five years old, he had made himself famous by his methods of detecting typhoid bacilli and by the use of the leucocyte or white corpuscles extract as the cure for pneumonia and for erysipelas. Dr. Hiss died just as the results of his years of work were about to be published. He was born in Baltimore in 1868, graduated from Johns

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Hopkins University in 1891, and received the degree of doctor of medicine at Columbia in 1895. He was appointed assistant in bacteriology at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1895, was instructor in hygiene and bacteriology, 1899-1903; adjunct professor in bacteriology, 1903-1906, and was made professor in bacteriology in 1906. He served as bacteriologist in the Health Department of New York from 1896 to 1899, and professor of hygiene in the Woman's Medical College, New York, 1898-1899. With Zinsser he was the author of a widely used text-book of bacteriology, and had published a valuable series of technical studies.

Sir William Henry White, chief constructor of the British navy, and designer of the modern Dreadnought, is dead, at the age of sixty-eight. He was born and bred in Devonport, England, a dockyard town, and entered the Government employ as an ordinary shipwright apprentice. Eventually he gained admission to the Royal School of Naval Architecture. He was appointed to the staff of chief constructor at Whitehall, and at the age of twenty-two became confidential assistant to Sir Edward Reed. At thirty-six he was promoted to the rank of chief constructor. After a brief period, during which he designed for a private firm, he returned to his old post and devoted his entire time to building up the British navy. He was the responsible designer of all the seventy ships of the Naval Defence act, which involved an expenditure of $115,000,000. The greatest tribute to his ability was the general acceptance by designers of his conception of a battleship. He was knighted in 1895, and, after his retirement, in 1902, on account of illness, Parliament voted him a grant of money.

Drama

Lady Gregory's "New Comedies" is promised shortly by Putnams.

Mr. Huebsch begs to announce that Hauptmann's "Gabriel Schillings Flucht," which has been produced at the Irving Place Theatre, New York, and about the appearance of which in English form many inquiries have been made, will be included in one of the later volumes of Hauptmann's dramas, which are now in preparation.

We have had occasion before to mention the special features of the Shakespeare published by the Oxford University Press (Frowde)—the general introduction by Swinburne, Theodore Watts-Dunton's introductory note, the Craig text, and introductions to the individual plays and to the poems by Edward Dowden. In addition to the six or eight small volumes in which the work has been issued, Mr. Frowde now offers it in a three-volume form, the divisions being made into Comedies, Tragedies, and Histories and Poems. Each volume, owing to the thin paper used, can easily be carried in the pocket.

The translation of Strindberg's plays goes on apace. We have received from John W. Luce & Co. a batch of four, translated by Edith and Warner Oland. Two of them, "Pariah" and "Easter," have been mentioned in these columns in reviewing another edition of Strindberg. The remaining two, "Comrades" and "Facing Death," are not significant works, both being written in the author's most cynical mood. "Comrades," the scene of which is laid in Paris, tells the story of two artists, man and wife, who have decided that their relation to each other shall be characterized first of all by friendliness and mutual assistance. What this plan degenerates into readers of Strindberg will readily guess. The wife, stirred by the woman movement in Sweden, for both characters are Swedish, becomes domineering and attempts to arrogate to herself the superior artistic talents of her husband. During most of the four acts there is nothing but wrangling, at which gentle art Strindberg may be conceded to be a past master. In the last act the husband asserts his greater strength, and by cowing his wife physically succeeds in winning her love, but not until he himself has lost every spark of feeling for her. Other characters, loosely connected with the main action, enforce the moral of woman's despicable motives. "Facing Death" is a one-act play wherein a Frenchman, with his three grown daughters, is the proprietor of a pension in Switzerland. Business has grown so dull that their small treasury is exhausted. The house has been mortgaged again and again, and their only hope is a bit of fire insurance. Here noble man steps in—he who had been so maligned by his deceitful wife that even after her death the reputation which she had given him lived in the minds of the daughters. The father, as the only way out, sets the house ablaze and poisons himself. He was a believer in ideals, and, according to the author, there is no place for such a one in married life.

"The Five Frankforters," which was produced in the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre on Monday evening, is identical in name only with the German comedy by Carl Rossler, which attracted so much attention in Europe. This is an adaptation by Basil Hood, which is in many ways a poor substitute for the original, although it retains the essential features of the domestic scenes which were among its chief attractions. As a study of the early Rothschilds, it has no value whatever, and the characters would have been to the full as interesting, and, possibly, somewhat more credible, under different surnames. The plot, briefly, turns upon the scheme of Solomon Rothschild to make the bankrupt Duke of Taunus marry his daughter Charlotte, in return for a heavy loan, and its defeat through the opposition of the girl herself—who is in love with her cousin Jacob—and his old mother, Gudula Rothschild, who denounces the proposed bargain as unnatural and unwise. In Mr. Hood's version the intrigue, the court negotiations, etc., all compressed into one brief chaotic act, amount to nothing and are often ridiculous. But the domestic episodes—with the prominent part played by Gudula—the love passages of the cousins, etc., are left unchanged and furnish a pretty, though conventional, story. The dominant feature in it is the old mother, who is most sympathetically and vitally drawn. With this admirable sketch Mr. Hood has not interfered, and it is filled in with something like inspiration and the most unquestionable artistic skill by Mathilde Cottrelly. A more realistic and fascinating study of a fond old woman—of feminine benevolence buttressed by shrewdness and integrity—has not been seen upon the stage for years. The impersonation completely dominated the play and was received with the heartiest appreciation by the audience. It was a memorable histrionic achievement.

Ibsen's "The Pretenders" has just been produced at the London Haymarket.

Charles Frohman has commissioned Richard Harding Davis to write a play for the Empire Theatre next season. The revival of "Liberty Hall" at this house, with John Mason in the principal male rôle, will take place on the 11th inst.

Sir Herbert Tree's next production at His Majesty's, in London, will be "The White Man's Burden," which is said to be a development, rather than an adaptation, by James Bernard Fagan, of the "Prophet Percival" of the Hungarian dramatist, Lengyel. The three chief characters will be played by Norman McKinnel, Sir Herbert Tree, and Phyllis Neilson Terry. Mr. Fagan is finishing a new comedy of modern life which he calls "A Conspiracy of Silence."

The "Ask Quesbury" of T. Herbert Lee, which has been produced in the Globe Theatre in London, is simply an irresponsible farce in which Weedon Grossmith plays the part of a bachelor, to whom a choice assortment of matrimonial irreconcilables apply for sympathy, advice, or aid.

Music

TWO OPERATIC NOVELTIES.

Before starting with his Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company on a tour which will include Dallas, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Spokane, Butte, Denver, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, Minneapolis, and Cincinnati, Andreas Dippel produced another new opera at the Metropolitan in New York, the "Kuhreigen" by Wilhelm Kienzl. It proved to be a far more meritorious work than the preceding novelty, "Conchita," which was briefly commented on in this column two weeks ago. Kienzl began his career by worshipping at the shrine of Wagner, and his first opera, "Urvasi," which was produced in 1886, was quite in the Bayreuth style. Such direct imitations are seldom successful, and it was fortunate for Kienzl that his methods underwent a change into something resembling the opera as it was before Wagner. In 1895 he produced his "Evangelimann," which is compact of tuneful choruses, strophic songs, marches, dance pieces, and other features foreign to the most advanced type of the music-drama. It was an immediate and great success, and its record to-day includes performances in eleven languages at above two hundred opera houses.

"Kuhreigen," which was produced for the first time in 1911, at Vienna, is

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constructed in similar fashion. The composer was fortunate in having for his librettist Richard Batka, Austria's best writer on musical topics, and a man who has had much experience as a collaborator, Dvorák, Poldoni, and Saint-Saëns being among the composers whom he has supplied with "opera books." In the present instance, he based his plot on a story called "Little Blanchefleur," by Hans Bartsch; the story of Thaller, an officer of the Swiss Guards, who, at the time of the French revolution, is condemned to death for singing, and permitting his soldiers to sing, the "Kuhreigen," which was strictly forbidden because it usually resulted in making the homesick soldiers desert and return to the mountains to hear once more the Ranz des Vaches—the strain blown on the Alpine-horn to call the cows to pasture. The King pardons him, and in the last act he tries to save from the guillotine the Marquise de Massimelle by offering her marriage; but she declares that their lives are too far apart and that she will die an aristocrat as she has lived.

As the Ranz des Vaches differs in the many Swiss valleys, Kienzl was at liberty to choose or invent any strain he liked for his leading motive. He has been successful in conjuring up the Alpine atmosphere. A good deal of the music, especially in the choruses, is what the Germans call "salbungsvoll"—an exalted mixture of religious, sentimental, and patriotic feelings, which insured the success of the opera in Germany. The second act is introduced by a delicious gavotte, of which much is made, and there are other quaint and pretty dances in the archaic French style. Though the music is not strikingly original in any part, it is tuneful, and agreeably free from the taint of cacophony for its own sake, which is the bane of most of the music of the present day. The performance of Kienzl's opera was far from being a great one, but it was sufficiently good to make it clear that the "Kuhreigen" was worth producing. It was sung in French, because Mr. Dippel's company does not include many singers who have mastered German.

The second operatic novelty of last week was Walter Damrosch's "Cyrano," a version of Rostand's famous play made for him by W. J. Henderson. As far back as 1896 an opera by Mr. Damrosch, "The Scarlet Letter," was sung in Boston and in New York. It was a rather amateurish production, little more than a gallery of Wagnerian echoes. A more mature and meritorious work from every point of view is "Cyrano." Although it was composed twelve years ago, Mr. Damrosch devoted last summer to rewriting entirely the final act and to rescoring the whole opera after it had been accepted for performance at the Metropolitan. In choosing a popular play to base his music on he wisely followed the example of Puccini. The libretto follows the action of the original play pretty closely, except that the last two acts are in the opera condensed into one, the parts being separated by a dark stage. It was also necessary to expand some of the situations to give opportunity for the introduction of sustained melodies. It cannot be said that these melodies are ingratiating or original; nor do the more declamatory parts show a special gift of writing for the voices. Far more satisfactory is the orchestration. Mr. Damrosch is an expert score reader, and his many years' experience as a concert conductor has made him familiar with the methods of the greatest masters in achieving ravishing color effects and constructing dramatic climaxes. His opera has benefited by this experience; there are moments when one forgives the lack of novelty or individuality in the enjoyment of a placid sketch or a stirring episode; but as a whole it is a dull score; it seems too long, although cuts were freely made, some of them to the detriment of the drama.

It was to be expected that so ardent an admirer of Wagner as Mr. Damrosch would make cunning use of the system of leading motives; yet he has done so sparingly, the only conspicuous instance being the employment of the abnormal whole-tone scale to characterize Cyrano's abnormal nose. It is much easier to write an opera in the pre-Wagnerian fashion, which does not necessitate the invention of themes that will stand frequent repetition and lend themselves to diverse transformations and combinations; and this easier method Mr. Damrosch has followed. For the rest, he is eclectic. While there are no flagrant instances of plagiarism, one is constantly reminded by melodic germs, harmonic modulations, and orchestral tints, of diverse German and French masters, sometimes in rapid kaleidoscopic succession. While often agreeable, the orchestration is on the whole too heavy, except in the tragic moments. Owing to this quality the singers—among whom were Alda, Martin, Amato, Reiss, and Griswold—found it difficult to project the words into the auditorium distinctly. Consequently, "Cyrano" did not serve as an argument in favor of those who clamor for opera in English. It is not likely that Mr. Damrosch's opera, any more than the operas of Mr. Converse and Mr. Parker, which preceded his, will survive the season.

At the Metropolitan Opera House hisses are occasionally heard mingled with the applause for a favorite singer. These hisses come from members of a claque who are not paid by that favorite singer. The audience proper in an opera house and our concert halls hardly ever hisses, unless it be to silence some one who is disturbing his neighbors by talking. What the British call "booing" is not heard in the musical or dramatic amusement places of New York.

Percy Grainger's British folk-music choral settings, which are dedicated to the memory of Edward Grieg, will be a novel feature of the next concert of Kurt Schindler's Schola Cantorum on March 12. These old English songs, which have recently been brought to light by the researches of scholars like Cecil Sharp and Mary Neal, and have been so attractively sung in New York by the Misses Fuller, are arranged for full chorus (six part) by Percy Grainger, a rising young composer of London, and have been the vogue in England for several years.

The death is announced, at the age of seventy-eight, in Dresden, of Felix Draeseke, who was for a number of years a special friend of Liszt, of whose orchestral works he was a vigorous champion. His own compositions, which for a time showed the influence of Liszt and Wagner, subsequently steered into classical waters. Among his compositions are three symphonies, several overtures, a mass, a requiem, and other choral works, two operas, and diverse chamber-music works. None of these is likely to survive him so long as his didactic works, which were the outcome of his teaching at the Dresden Conservatory.

Art

OLD AND NEW ART.

The Association of American Painters and Sculptors shows the work of its members and allies in a setting of what it deems the progressive art of recent years. By a simple miracle of good taste and good management the floor of the Sixty-ninth Regiment armory has been converted into fifteen galleries, with a spacious entrance hall. The light streams in from above, the hanging is effective. Even without the *succès de scandale* of the Post-Impressionists and Cubists, the show would justly have attracted public notice. Possibly its chief value is that it demonstrates how practicable it is to organize a comprehensive art exhibition in New York. The example may be commended to the Academy. If it really wishes to assume national significance as an exhibiting body, the way is pointed out.

It cannot be said that this is a representative exhibition of American painters and sculptors. We have virtually the old "Eight," with those whom they have encouraged to contribute. But representative quality was not sought after. The aim has been to procure painting of progressive and highly personal quality. In the selection of the retrospective exhibits and in the inclusion of the

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Post-Impressionists and Cubists, a consistent principle has been followed. The American exhibits are a somewhat gorgeous family affair, but I see no reason for complaint. If the new Association gains sensational advantages from the presence of the latest revolutionaries, it also exposes the work of its members and contributors to the most trying comparisons with fine painting from Delacroix down. Indeed, there is a distinctly self-sacrificing and public-spirited willingness to centre the interest of the show in the foreign exhibits.

The retrospective exhibition is not notable, but sufficient as a reminder. Ingres, in Whistler's copy of the Andromeda, Delacroix, Corot, Daumier, Courbet, and Manet are adequately but not strikingly represented. For Puvis a delightful and comprehensive selection of a full dozen examples has been made. These run from the austere Beheading of the Baptist of 1869, and a delightful nude of probably earlier date, to color studies for the famous decorations at Amiens, Poitiers, and Paris. One misses Chasseauriau and Gustave Moreau, but their work is almost unprocurable. Among the veterans who have become classic in their lifetime, Monet is most prominent, in studies beginning with sober and dark canvases and ending with the air-swept lily pools of yesterday. The ballet and the race course appear in the discreet and learned emphasis of Degas. Renoir's full power is not suggested in the exhibition, but it would be hard to imagine painting more sensitively lovely than we find in a vase of crimson peonies and a seated portrait of a girl in Levantine costume. Pisarro and Toulouse-Lautrec, with Signac, chiefly represented by charming water colors, complete the group that grew out of the Luminist movement. Unless, indeed, we should here include Cézanne and Van Gogh, whose general affiliation with the Giverny group seems indisputable. The representation of these two much-talked-of artists is far from superlative; at least it is the fullest America has yet seen. I confess Cézanne reseen hardly measures up to the impressive figure of fifteen years ago. The Old Woman with the Beads is an extraordinary character study; so in a less degree is the vivid portrait of himself; but neither evokes strongly that immediate and primal sense of mass which was his main endeavor. His paler landscapes have for me the exquisite balance of John Twachtman's—the same fine economy of means. A little brown landscape, with its constructive planes sharp and simple, perhaps best represents the technical excellences to which he gave himself single-mindedly. But if merit is traditional, Rembrandt might almost have signed it. Van Gogh seems a Daumier projected into landscape through Luminism. He shares Daumier's capacity for powerful and rather sinister exaggeration of contour. None of the pictures illustrates the fervid polychromy which marked his latest work. As represented here, he quietly takes his place as a powerful and eccentric offshoot of the Luminists. Even the haggard and haunting portrait of himself recalls in its workmanship certain phases of the versatile Renoir. Gauguin plays more plausibly the part of precursor of the Post-Impressionists. We have several of his Tahitian studies—drastic sketching it is, rather brutally imposing—but we have none of those paintings in which, almost by accident, it appears, he won through to classic serenity and monumental effect. The savage emphasis of the color may at least prepare us for Matisse.

Topically, the Post-Impressionists and Cubists are the important feature of the show, yet I wish it were possible to ignore urgent tendencies and merely discuss good art. If that agreeable course were open to me, I should give much space to the gallery in which Odilon Redon's work is shown. Redon is a purposeful dreamer. His territory is that of the older gods and recent symbol. His color shifts from dense and hot through diaphanous iridescences to monochrome. All is conceived in the mood of the ivory tower. Apollo does not control his skyey horses; they drag him through mid-air. There is a study of shimmering butterflies hovering in a light that is a refinement on the illumination of some exotic opera. It is a fantastically beautiful art, very far from life, admirably true to its own vision. Ryder and Davies represent a similar mood with equal ability and perhaps with greater freedom from literary implication. I much regret that Mr. Davies's self-renouncing conception of his office as president of the Association has deprived us of a one-man show that would have furnished an excellent complement for the Redon gallery.

It will be seen that I have been avoiding the main issue. On all hands I hear in the show the statement, At any rate, this new art is very living and interesting. So much may be said for much of the Post-Impressionist and Cubist work; and something like that might be one's feeling on first visiting a lunatic asylum. The inmates might well seem more vivid and fascinating than the every-day companions of home and office. Unquestionably, Matisse is more exciting than, say, George de Forest Brush; it doesn't at all follow that Matisse is the better artist. So is a vitriol-throwing suffragette more exciting than a lady. Yet feeling as I do that Post-Impressionism is mostly ignorant splurge, and Cubism merely an occult and curious pedantry, I feel also that the Association has done a valuable service in bringing over a full representation of this latest eccentric work. It was reaching us piecemeal in unimportant examples, or, worse, at second hand, in the deceptions of programmes and the sophistries of critical special pleading. Now we have the pictures and sculpture and may test ourselves by them. Indeed, if one's æsthetic reaction be slow or doubtful, he may have the aid of the Association's courteous and eloquent interpreters.

The platform of Post-Impressionism is a simple one—complete spontaneity independent of all images of outer nature; swift, succinct, and powerful execution of symbolic color—these are the chief tenets of the movement. Certain of William Blake's maxims prefigure this tendency: "Mere enthusiasm is the all in all," or, again, "Knowledge of ideal beauty is not to be acquired. It is born with us. The man who says we have no innate ideas must be a fool or a knave." At some risk, then, of falling into an undesirable category, I must approach the spontaneity of Matisse and Segonzac. Matisse is an original and powerful draughtsman. One has only to see his crayon drawings from the nude to be convinced of that. They are of quite extraordinary potency and simplicity. His pictorial ideas, innate ones perhaps, we may grant, are either trivial, monstrous, or totally lacking. The Portrait in Madras Red illustrates his power. The torso is swung in with a quite magnificent gesture that ignores all details; for the rest, a coarse emphasis of the intentness of the face, raw color, mean surfaces—a prodigal expenditure of violent means to achieve a passing and negligible effect. In Segonzac's big barnyard there is a similar brutality of assertion, though with some lingering regard for harmony of color. The more perverse expressions of Matisse's mode as expressed in bulbous nudes, empty schematic decoration, and blatantly inept still-life will merely reinforce a first impression based on the work that is relatively normal. Upon the ugliness of the surfaces I must insist at the risk of repetition. Everything tells of a studied brusqueness and violence. It is an art essentially epileptic. Sincere it may be, but its sincerity simply doesn't matter, except as it is pitiful to find a really talented draughtsman the organizer of a teapot tempest.

For this anti-realistic movement, of which so much is said, is merely the tardy coming into art of a tendency that has long since spent its literary force, namely, neurotic symbolism. The present revolutionaries are no more going to make art over than Mallarmé and Regnier made all things new in letters. And even as a revolt, Post-Impressionism has the fatal defect of misunderstanding its foe. Ostensibly, it is an escape into the imagination from the appalling dulness of recent painting, and

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this dulness is laid to a too servile following of nature. Now, nature is perhaps the most ambiguous word in all language; and right here it may be asked if it is possible for the art of painting to sin from too much naturalness. It seems to me not. Since the pigment scale is far shorter than that of light, and since a plane surface must be made to give the sense of depth, any painting, however good or bad it be, is highly symbolic. It is no record of a thing seen, but a token to the intelligence. Moreover, no painting can possibly give seriously what is seen at a particular moment, just that and nothing more. Manet and Zorn may seem to approximate this, but they only seem. And nature, in any accurate sense, can merely mean what is seen at a particular instant. As soon as memory comes in, and more or less it does inevitably, nature is becoming, not an external fact, but a composite and shifting personal creation. All painters are symbolists; some dull, some sublime, more mediocre. Such symbolism may be conducted along lines of relative inhibition of the artist's personal and emotional attitude; such men we loosely call realists; or along lines of enhancement of the artist's emotional attitude, and such with almost equal looseness we call romanticists, Post-Impressionists, Expressionists, or what not. But all alike are seeking symbols for an emotional or observational experience, and the fundamental division of artists is into capable symbolists, incapable symbolists, or mere pretenders, who lack equally fundamental emotion and derived symbol. The trouble with pictorial art never has been and never can be too great devotion to nature; the trouble with art has been merely weak or undisciplined or dull personalities. The utmost degree of naturalistic representation possible to painting will always be, however limited, wholesome. It will at least celebrate the lovely variety of the world and the joy of the seeing eye, and it will ever serve as the firm base from which imagination may take its flights. For dull or faltering painters, and their feeble symbolism, it is no remedy to throw nature out of the window; public neglect may hasten reform, but the death of the dull artist is the only real remedy. One well-managed St. Bartholomew's would do more to set things right than a century of hothouse spontaneity.

Post-Impressionism, then, is the feeblest imaginable reform for real artistic evils deeply based in the hesitancy of the present social order. Whenever, out of the clash of democracy with socialism and anarchy, a central social tradition is attained, the artist will readily find his place. Especially the minor artist will then cease to be a dullard or a pretender, and will find a useful and respectable function in devotedly sustaining the central tradition. Because the minor artists of the past almost invariably did this, they are amiable and charming. Because the minor artist of the present is urged to cultivate that originality which is only the prerogative of the great, he is often a woful apparition. And so far as Post-Impressionism is setting hundreds of young painters to coddling their sacred impulses, so far as it accentuates an already exaggerated cult of the individual, it will work nothing but harm.

But some one will say, At least technical good must result from this feverish experimenting, at least we shall relearn the lost art of the great contour and of audacious decorative color. Here some advantage may be conceded, but most backhandedly and uneconomically attained. More may be learned about great contour by consulting any good Rembrandt sketch, and more about audacious decorative color from studying a fine Persian rug or Buddhist scroll, than can be gleaned from all the progressive painting of the past decade.

Upon the Cubist work of Picasso, Picabia, and Marcel Duchamp I cannot dwell. We seem to have to do either with a clever hoax or a negligible pedantry. I am told that these experimenters are working at the problem of mass, weight, and spatiality. Finding that these third-dimensional qualities are most vividly conveyed by the simpler geometric solids, they adopt these as units of expression. Picasso conceives a head as so many facets, leaving the junctures sharp. Frans Hals or Chase or Sargent would make much the same synthesis, but would soften the junctures as nature does. Picasso shows a bronze bust in conical forms. It has a sinister impressiveness, and looks like a badly carved Gothic thing. Picasso's early painting had much grim power and decorative balance; only a portrait represents him in this phase; his latest work, in which geometry dominates, is singularly dreary in color and morbid in expression. From this charnal suggestion Picabia is free. He has recently passed from a kind of Post-Impressionism to Cubism. He frames his figures and landscapes from cubes, hexagonal crystals, and the like. His color is interesting in a rather obvious and garish way. Both Picasso and Picabia mineralize their world and present it in terms of crystallography. The transposition is often ingenious; both men are evidently accomplished mechanical draughtsmen, but none of their work reveals to an eye that has honestly waited either spatial quality, mass, or handsome decorative effect. Marcel Duchamp, whose units of expression are slabs and shavings, is said to have out-geometrized the Cubists themselves. His pictures are monochromes in brown, with the general look of an elevation of a volcanic cliff. In the stratifications we are told by the catalogue to look for nudes, faces, and groups; but I advise no one to make the attempt. If any images there be, these are mental and symbolic. These paintings, so far as genuine, are merely expressions of anti-naturalism reduced to the absurd along ratiocinative lines, just as Post-Impressionism is merely the emotional reduction to the absurd of the same anti-naturalistic fallacy. The Futurists were invited to the exhibition, and declined. Their absence need not greatly be regretted. Their origins reek with charlatanry and shameless puffery, and this genesis their work has done nothing to belie.

And here the question of taste comes in. The trouble with the newest art and its critical champions is that fundamentally they have no real breadth of taste. These people are devoted to fanaticisms, catchwords, all manner of taking themselves too seriously. Where something like taste exists, the new brusque procedures are readily assimilated. The studies of Othon Friesz, for example, are tense and nervous, fine in color, discreetly exaggerated. Augustus John, who is very fully represented by paintings, silver-point drawings, and aquarelles, can go some way with Matisse because he never forgets Manet and Botticelli. John's drawings are exquisite, a sublimation of the familiar method of the Slade School. His water-color sketches achieve remarkable character and mass with the slightest means. His larger works tend to fall into affectations which are atoned for by austere and distinguished workmanship. It is as if Puvis and Degas had joined forces not quite amicably. John makes the high attempt to achieve fine decorative effect without the usual waiver of the characteristic and individual. The ambition marks him a remarkable personality. He may achieve where Besnard has rather splendidly failed. A glance at the coquettish sensual designs of the late Charles Conder, at the delightfully intimate landscapes with figures by George W. Russell, and at Jack Yeats's keen visions of Irish political humors will tend to efface the irresponsible nightmares of Matisse, and the calculated discomforts of the Cubists.

On the whole, the case calls for cheerfulness. Either these new movements are aberrations and will promptly vanish, or else there is to be henceforth no art as the world has formerly understood the word and the thing. But this, I am assured by a friend of the new art, is highly desirable. In the future every man is to see nature and his own soul with the artist's eye, and the artist and the work of art will naturally become superfluous. Humanity has merely to breed a race of little Post-Impressionists and Cubists, and the thing is done. Let common-sense hesitate to

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thwart or defer so evidently desirable a consummation. F. J. M., JR.

Interesting details of the latest discoveries made during the excavations of the French Archæological Society in the island of Delos have been supplied by M. Homolle, director of the French School at Athens. The more recent researches relate to the Stadium, the Palæstra, the Theatre, and the shrines of Oriental divinities in the valley of Inopos. Excavations in the Stadium revealed the track, the seats of the judges and magistrates, and the starting point and goal of the competitors, these fixing the length of the course at 500 feet. Between the Stadium and the shore were found traces of houses, fronted by domestic altars decorated with paintings representing sacrificial scenes, combats, and the labors of Herakles. The report that Delos once possessed an important Jewish colony is borne out by the discovery of the remains of a synagogue, with its inscription "To the Most High."

The Palæstra has been entirely uncovered, revealing the dressing-rooms, anterooms, and the portico at the north which served to shield the spectators from the wind. Here too was found a wall, which, from an inscription, is shown to have been a military work constructed by Valerius Triarius, one of the generals in the Mithridatic war.

Great progress has been made in connection with the Theatre, which now stands fully displayed. Behind the stage was found a huge cistern, nearly 100 feet long by 18 feet wide, and having a depth of 21 feet. Near the Theatre stood a large building of three stories, which probably lodged the exponents of the Dionysian cult. Of the many temples which are known to have been erected in the valley of the Inopos, that of Aphrodite has been identified by the discovery of two bases of statues bearing dedications to that divinity, and that of Serapis by the finding of a column on which is inscribed a history of this Egyptian deity. The inscription shows that the worship of Serapis was introduced into Delos by an Egyptian named Apollonius, who had a son named Demetrius. The third priest of the family, called Apollonius after his grandfather, "received divine instructions to build a temple on the place revealed by the Deity," and this is the temple which has now been laid bare.

"English Homes of the Early Renaissance" (Scribner importation), edited by H. Avray Tipping, is one of those fully illustrated folios reprinted from *Country Life*. Dwellings built about the year 1600 or earlier are the theme. Few of these, of course, show Renaissance features in any proper sense of the word. They are in the main excellent survivals of the charming Tudor style, and many have kept their original fittings. Perhaps the most remarkable are Breccles Hall, Burford Priory, the Charterhouse, Cobham Hall. We may mention as well, besides Owlpen Manor and Stonyhurst College, those remarkable half-timbered structures Broughton Hall and Hall i' th' Wood, near Bolton. The text appeals to such as value the sentiment and picturesqueness of English country life. The abundant plates of large scale will be suggestive to architects and decorators.

Finance

THE MARKETS AND THE NEW ADMINISTRATION.

Probably the greater number of the regular visitors in Wall Street, if asked, when the stock market touched its lowest point last week, what the trouble was, would have replied, Uncertainty about the new Administration. This explanation (which was repeated in many circles of general business) might have been regarded in three different ways. It might have expressed genuine and grave apprehension—as a result of which prices had fallen. It might have represented an effort to utilize the most important event on the calendar to account for Stock Exchange depression due to entirely different causes. Or it might merely have embodied Wall Street's traditional habit of pinning its hopes or fears to some event which was near at hand, whose actual influence on finance was an uncertainty, and whose probable influence, therefore, was judged according to Wall Street's own mood of the moment.

As it happened, the fall in prices was succeeded by an abrupt and general recovery, almost a week before inauguration day, and the course of the stock market, in this reversal of attitude at the moment when the financial atmosphere was apparently darkest, was evidence of the hysterical nature of the preceding decline. The actual character of the situation should be clear enough. The money market is reasonably stringent all over the world; and it is so partly for quite artificial reasons, and partly because of legitimate demands of trade. Both here and in Europe there is and has been an active demand for capital in general business—with the difference, as between the two continents, that in Continental Europe the "trade boom" has been in large measure overdone, whereas in America its general basis seems to be entirely sound.

But in both continents, the absorption of capital in such quarters has been extensive, and in Europe this has occurred in the face of an international collision and of political misgivings which caused unusual withdrawal of personal resources from investment by the rich, and unusual hoarding of actual cash by people of small means. Very high money rates and very weak bank positions have, as a necessary result, prevailed throughout Europe. The relations of the great markets of the world being what they are, the soundest market of the moment was resorted to for relief, and New York has sent abroad, since the opening of the year, more gold than has ever before been exported in the corresponding weeks of any year.

Our own resultant situation was perfectly simple. A man of means, with his personal finances in an entirely sound condition, is appealed to by a business associate who is in serious embarrassment. He advances the necessary funds, knowing that he will get them back in time; but in doing so, he must deplete his private bank account and realize on some of his private investments. In the eyes of the uninformed observer, he is himself in trouble, and that is the conclusion which a good many people have appeared to draw regarding the American market, which has been putting its own resources into just that form to relieve the threatened embarrassments of Europe.

The inferences are naturally much exaggerated; with a market, however, as with an individual, such a condition of things creates a sensitive financial situation. It is not altogether strange, therefore, that the imaginative minds of people who surround our markets should picture all sorts of impending calamities, and should paint everything in the outlook in the darkest colors, and should begin to make unwarrantably dismal prophecies about our own business condition and prospect. But it is equally true that such a situation needs to be handled delicately, and this is where the new Administration will have its task set for it.

There has been much nonsense talked in Wall Street about Mr. Wilson's public utterances, but there have been some criticisms which, from the point of view of real conservatism and honest public spirit, were by no means nonsense. One of them is the criticism that a public man, in a position of high responsibility, should not only be sure he is right in his statements regarding matters of finance, but should be sure that the statements are so made as to be susceptible of no misunderstanding. An occasional failure to observe this second safeguard is responsible for such unfavorable view of the new President as may exist in financial circles. There is abundant time to repair misunderstandings of the sort, and it is highly important that they should be repaired. For, the financial state of mind being at the moment what it is, there are possibilities of needless disturbance, and it will hardly be denied that a national Administration, just beginning its career, needs peremptorily the atmosphere of financial confidence.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abraham, Karl. Dreams and Myths. Trans. by W. A. White. Journal of Nervous and Mental Disease Pub. Co.

Baker, James. Austria: Her People and Their Homelands. Lane. $6.50 net.

Bauer, L. A. Land Magnetic Observations, 1905-1910. Carnegie Institution of Washington.

Benedite, Leonce. Gustave Courbet. (French Artists of Our Day series.) Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Bostwick, A. E. The Different West. Chicago: McClurg. $1 net.

Browning, E. B. Selection of Poems. (World's Classics.) Frowde.

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Buck, P. M. Social Forces in Modern Literature. Boston: Ginn. $1.
Byers, A. L. Two Hundred Genuine Instances of Divine Healing. Anderson, Ind.: Gospel Trumpet Co.
Callender, Geoffrey. The Life of Nelson. Longmans. 90 cents net.
Calthrop, D. C. St. Quin. Lane. $1.30 net.
Cantrell, J. A. The Increasing Needs of a Nation. Fenno & Co.
Carnegie Institution of Washington. Year Book No. 11, 1912.
Chambers, R. W. The Gay Rebellion. D. Appleton. $1.30 net.
Classics of International Law. De Jure Belli ac Pacis Libri Tres, by Hugo Grotius. Vol. I, Text of 1646. Carnegie Institution of Washington.
Cosenza, M. E. Francesco Petrarca. University of Chicago Press. $1.50 net.
Dahlke, Paul. Buddhism and Science. Translated from the German. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Daily Song: A Year Book of Spiritual Cheer. Doran. $1.50 net.
Dalton, W. Coon-Can. Phila.: Lippincott.
Delano, E. B. The Land of Content. D. Appleton. $1.30 net.
Dix, S. L. Responsive Services of Worship. Goodyear Book Concern.
Edward, Albert. Comrade Yetta. Macmillan. $1.35 net.
Fanning, Cecil. The Flower Strewn Threshold, and Other Poems. Dutton. $1 net.
Foster, R. F. Cooncan: A Game of Cards also Called "Rum." Stokes. 75 cents net.
Fox, Mrs. Wilson. A Regular Madam. Macmillan. $1.35 net.
Goes, B. van der. A Necessity of Life, and Other Stories. Macmillan. $1.35 net.
Goldman, E. A. Descriptions of New Mammals from Panama and Mexico. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.
Gordon, G. A. The Genius of the Pilgrim. Pilgrim Press. 25 cents net.
Gordon, Seton. The Charm of the Hills. Cassell.
Grant, Sybil. The Chequer-Board. Doran. $1.20 net.
Griffis, W. E. The Mikado's Empire. 2 vols. Harper. $4 net.
Grigsby, H. B. Centennial Address, delivered June 14, 1876, at Hampden-Sidney College. Richmond, Va.: Hermitage Press.
Grimshaw, Beatrice. Guinea Gold. Moffat, Yard. $1.25 net.
Grossmith, Weedon. From Studio to Stage. Lane. $4 net.
Halsey, Forrest. The Stain. Chicago: F. G. Browne & Co. $1.25 net.
Hayes, Carlton. British Social Politics. Boston: Ginn. $1.75.
Henderson, L. J. The Fitness of the Environment. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Herms, W. B. Malaria, Cause and Control. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Herrick, Robert. One Woman's Life. Macmillan. $1.35 net.
Hewlett, Maurice. Helen Redeemed and Other Poems. Scribner.
Higinbotham, J. U. Three Weeks in France. Chicago: Reilly & Britton. $2 net.
Hofer, E. Jack Norton. Boston: Badger. $1.25 net.
Howard, L. O., Dyar, H. G., and Knab, F. The Mosquitoes of North and Central America and the West Indies. 2 vols. Carnegie Inst. of Washington.
Hubbard, A. J. The Fate of Empires. Longmans. $2.10 net.
Japan and Japanese-American Relations. Clark University Addresses, edited by G. H. Blakeslee. Stechert. $2.50 net.
Kent, C. F. The Life and Teachings of Jesus. Scribner.
Knight, W. A. To Little David of Smyrna: An Easter Message. Pilgrim Press. 25 cents net.
Lepper, G. H. From Nebula to Nebula. Second edition, revised. Pittsburgh, Pa.: Privately published.
McKeever, W. A. Training the Boy. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Mannix, J. B. Mines and Their Story. Phila.: Lippincott. $3.75 net.
Meinhold, Paul. Wilhelm II, 25 Jahre Kaiser und König. Berlin: Ernst Hofmann & Co.
Miner, G. W. Bookkeeping: Banking. Boston: Ginn. 60 cents.
Moore, J. R. H. An Industrial History of the American People. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Munro, H. H. ("Saki"). The Unbearable Bassington. Lane. $1.25 net.
Niven, Frederick. Hands Up! Lane. $1.25 net.
Paradise, F. I. Christianity and Commerce. Dodd, Mead. $1 net.
Pickthall, Marmaduke. Veiled Women. Duffield. $1.25 net.
Prouty, O. H. Bobbie, General Manager. Stokes. $1.25 net.
Rawling, C. G. The Land of the New Guinea Pygmies. Phila.: Lippincott. $3.50 net.
Riverdale Hymn Book. Edited by I. S. Dodd and L. B. Longacre. Revell.
Roberts, Mrs. Florence. Fifteen Years with the Outcast. Anderson, Ind.: Gospel Trumpet Co.
Rose, W. G. Waking Up Bolton; Success in Business. Duffield. 50 cents net; $1.25 net.
Sedgwick, William. Man and his Future. Part II, The Anglo-Saxon. Phila.: Lippincott. $2 net.
Stanley, H. M. How I Found Livingstone. Centenary edition. Introduction by R. E. Speer; In Darkest Africa. Scribner. $2 net; $3 net.
Steeves, H. R., and Ristine, F. H. Representative Essays in Modern Thought—A Basis for Composition. American Book Co. $1.50.
Stewart, Elihu. Down the Mackenzie and up the Yukon in 1906. Lane. $1.50 net.
Smith, Mrs. H. Four-footed Friends. Boston: Ginn. 50 cents.
Sommer, H. O. Vulgate Version of the Arthurian Romances. Vol. VI. Carnegie Institution of Washington.
Tarr and Von Engeln Manual for Physical and Commercial Geography, with Guide for Laboratory Teaching. Macmillan.
The Englishman in the Alps: A Collection of English Prose and Poetry relating to the Alps, edited by Arnold Lunn. Frowde.
The Life Mask: A Novel. By the author of "To M. L. G." Stokes. $1.30 net.
Torday, E. Camp and Tramp in African Wilds. Phila.: Lippincott.
Torrey, Jesse, Jun. The Intellectual Torch. Woodstock, Vt.: Elm Tree Press.
Tyler, G. V. The Daughter of a Rebel. Duffield. $1.25 net.
Waliszewski, K. Paul the First of Russia, the Son of Catherine the Great. Phila.: Lippincott.
Wood, C. D. Animals, Their Relation and Use to Man. Boston: Ginn. 60 cents.
Young, J. P. San Francisco. 2 vols. San Francisco: S. J. Clarke Pub. Co.

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